SEPT. 17,
1938

Liberty

5¢

Thunder OVER KANSAS CITY

THE INSIDE STORY AT LAST OF AN EPIC FIGHT AGAINST MUNICIPAL CRIME AND CORRUPTION

by **FRED ALLHOFF**

The STROUD TWINS and their PAST *by Frederick L. Collin*

I BOMBED WOMEN and CHILDREN *by George Sprague*

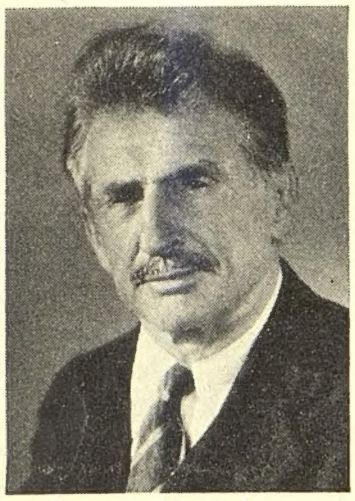
Is A Husband You Must "HOLD" Worth Holding?

"No," says Affiah Allen who boldly declares she will not be a one woman harem or a domestic servant to hold any man.

Holding a man is just another name for holding a meal ticket.

No self respecting woman will do it—no self respecting woman needs to do it and no self respecting man will be held by such tactics.

Mrs. Allen is a happy wife and mother. Before she married she worked out her rules for happiness in marriage. They have been entirely successful in her case and they can be equally successful in yours. In Physical Culture for October she tells exactly what they are. If you expect to be a bride, read them by all means. If you are married but do not feel entirely sure of your husband make doubly sure to read and apply them. They can easily save your home from disaster. Buy your copy of Physical Culture for October today at the nearest newsstand.



Bernarr Macfadden
Founder of
Physical Culture

NEW NUTRITION DEPARTMENT

Recently Bernarr Macfadden invited the readers of Physical Culture to make suggestions for the improvement of the magazine. The greatly enlarged Nutrition Department is the direct result of that invitation.

No change or addition could be of greater importance to you because your diet, the manner in which it supplements your other health building activities, is a subject you can never know too much about. Starting with the current issue, Physical Culture discusses this subject thoroughly with searching, authoritative articles by Dr. Rasmus Alsaker, Dr. Mary Halton, Milo Hastings and many other authorities and will give you recipes, menus and other vital health food information that will be of inestimable value to you and your family.

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WHAT DENTISTS DON'T KNOW ABOUT TEETH

Physical Culture

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

SEPTEMBER 17, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE POOR OLD REPUBLICAN PARTY!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Republicans everywhere are confused and bewildered. They well recognize the unusual opportunities for them to make substantial gains this coming election, but they are at a loss for dramatic leadership. They are on their way, but they hardly know where they are going or how to get there.

They realize with humiliation many past mistakes, and they would like to avoid similar difficulties. But what to do, where to turn, and whom to look to for substantial encouragement and assistance present intricate problems.

Just now they sadly need a capable chairman. A self-reliant, stable, dependable executive who can officially take over important responsibilities.

John D. M. Hamilton is the Republican party's biggest liability at this time. He definitely indicated his lack of efficiency in the last national election with outstanding emphasis. He started out as a small-town promoter, and the nomination of Landon at Cleveland, together with the management of the campaign that followed, clearly proved that he had never progressed much beyond his former occupation. His direction of the nomination of Landon in the Republican National Convention did much to damn his candidate. He was not unlike an inexperienced executive, drunk with power, with an overflowing bank account, overly anxious to put over his candidate, showing undue determination to crowd out competitors regardless of the measures used to accomplish this object.

The impression gained by many of the citizens of Cleveland during the convention was that Landon was the only candidate. The bands that marched through the streets and hotel lobbies were all for Landon. Newspaper writers, radio commentators, and practically every source from which publicity flows appeared to have been bought for Landon. The general appearance indicated that Hamilton had overdone his job. No other candidate was even given an opportunity to be properly considered by the convention.

Doubtless Hamilton feared if Landon did not secure the nomination on the first ballot he might be beaten, and the friendly support of the competing candidates and their followers, so important in such a situation, was given no consideration.

And the general management of the Republican campaign as carried on by Hamilton and his various subordinates showed amazing lack of executive ability. The views expressed by Landon in his speeches and those presented by Hamilton frequently greatly differed. Instead of giving Landon, his candidate, the limelight on all occasions, Hamilton often monopolized the front pages.

But the blundering self-confidence which the Republican chairman maintained during the period just previous to the election was one of his most outstanding faults. In no way did he seem to be aware of the trend of public opinion, and when the record of some of the voting precincts began to come in his astonishment was pitiful. He had convinced himself that Landon would be elected before the voting began.

But the most ghastly of all his foolish mistakes was the last-minute attack on Social Security. Practically every employee wanted employment and old-age insurance, and although the Republicans generally commended something of that nature, the attack on this plank of the Democratic party indicated that it was not favored by the Republicans. And it is probably no exaggeration to say that millions of votes were turned toward Roosevelt by this one disastrous blunder.

The chairmanship of the Republican party is a Herculean job. It requires a seasoned broad-gauge executive with years of experience, and with the balance and poise that comes only with clear thinking and a dependable knowledge of the big problems that must be faced from day to day in the hectic whirl of an exciting campaign, and a young promoter whose experience is confined to developing businesses in small towns is not the right man for such a job.

Republicans, to take advantage of their opportunities in the coming election, must select a powerful, dependable leader. But first of all they must find a chairman. Henry P. Fletcher, who was deposed when Hamilton assumed the chairmanship, handled his duties in a dignified, efficient manner, and some executive with similar qualifications is sadly needed in the emergencies which are now facing this Grand Old Party.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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Beginning a constructively sensational series—The inside story at last of an epic battle with crime and corruption

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THUNDER OVER

PART ONE—A MACHINE AND A MASSACRE

OF Kansas City, Missouri—"Heart of America"—Gallup's Guide Book has this to say: "It blends the culture of the East, the vision of the West, the energy of the North, and the hospitality of the South."

Now that's a powerful blend, albeit a trifle synthetic, and it's a shame to point out that it may disguise a Mickey Finn. But facts are facts, and Kansas City, bleeding Heart of America, emerges, rather, a machine-ridden, politically corrupt town much of whose vaunted hospitality has been extended to murderers, rapists, prostitutes, gangsters, and any one else who might come in handy around election time.

Wide open, it has been called the Port Said—the wickedest city—of the nation. Whether its Thirteenth and Fourteenth Street bawdyhouses qualify it for that flattery, I wouldn't know.

It has the famous Nelson Gallery of Art.

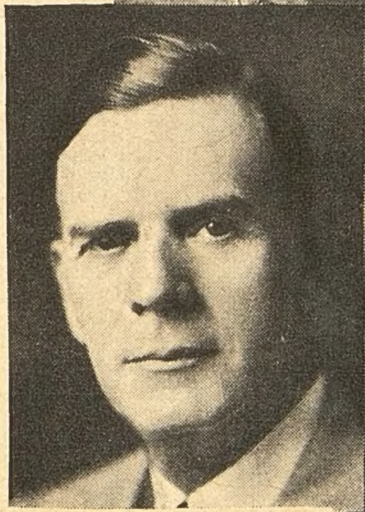
And it has the Chesterfield Club, where you can eat a "business man's" luncheon while a master of ceremonies dispenses antique and filthily unfunny jokes interrupted only by girls who strip-dance to a climax of complete nudity, and by his own announcements that if you seek entertainment for stag shows you can get it by calling VIctor-7581 and asking for Jack Reynolds.

Kansas City has three hundred churches and heaven knows how many gambling joints, at least one of which advertises regularly in the newspapers. You can name your games and stakes in dozens of wide-open gambling halls, in some cases operated or partially controlled by ex-election judges, ex-precinct captains, and ex-convicts; by relatives of police officers, garbage inspectors, assistant prosecuting attorneys, and other fair-haired favorites of the machine.

Prostitution and gambling are the oil that runs the machine that runs a great city. An oil made all the more effective by the fact that when you toss your cash on a Kansas City gaming table you are pitting it against marked cards, marked and crooked dice.

Kansas City politics, like Kansas City gambling, is a sucker's game on one side of the table and a huge money-making business on the other.

Both the petty henchmen who trade loyalty to the machine for such small marrowless bones as are occasionally tossed them and the "good citizens" who deplore but do nothing about its depredations have established something of a record for being suckers. For more than a quarter of a century, almost uninterruptedly, they have been machine-ruled; cowed so badly that, on one memorable election day, many of them actually were afraid to step out into the streets of their own city.



The United States government's fearless battler against organized crime: Federal District Attorney Milligan.

Everybody knew it, nobody did anything about it, and the merry-go-round went round.

As this is written, it still goes round, but more slowly—and there exists a possibility that it may, after twenty-eight years, break down.

For things are happening in Kansas City today.

The United States government is fighting the machine.

Behind that fight stand three men:

A courageous Democratic Federal District Attorney: Maurice M. Milligan. Two honest Republican Federal Judges: Albert L. Reeves and Merrill E. Otis.

In the greatest wholesale prosecution of vote frauds in history, these three have sent men and women, Republican and Democratic henchmen alike, to prison.

For the first time in twenty-five years, the machine has been powerless to save its crooked election workers from jail. This fight has not been in the local courts but in federal jurisdic-

KANSAS CITY

BY FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GROUT

tion. Man after man has gone to prison. There have been no acquittals. Mild-mannered, gray-haired Judge Reeves is himself modest over the victories he and his associates have obtained. "It may seem to a casual observer that we are accomplishing nothing," he told me. "The machine still exists. It is something like a man hammering with a sledge hammer against a huge building. He hammers. Nothing happens. He strikes another blow. No crack appears. You say to yourself: 'He is wasting time. He is getting nowhere.'"

Judge Reeves smiled gently.

"And then, one day, the man strikes another blow—and the entire structure suddenly collapses."

The vote-fraud prosecutions, he told me, will continue. Nor has he forgotten his charge to the first grand jury that voted indictments: "Don't stop until you have reached the uttermost parts of the city . . . to stop corruption of the ballot. Gentlemen, reach for all, even if you find them in high authority. Move on them!"

When and if the machine collapses, with it will collapse the career of the man who for twenty-eight years has run it. The most powerful political boss remaining in America today—Thomas Joseph Pendergast.

Long ago, a Tipperary teamster named Michael Pendergast settled in St. Joseph, Missouri, and scratched out a living for his nine children. Of that brood, this account need be concerned with only two: Thomas Joseph, born July 22, 1872, and his elder brother, James.

The family moved from St. Joseph to Kansas City, where Jim opened a saloon in the old West Bottoms river district of the notorious First Ward.

Jim Pendergast's saloon prospered, and Jim, genial and openhanded and shrewd, got a taste of power. He became boss of Kansas City's First Ward as many as fifty years ago.

It was to this happy neighborhood that young Tom Pendergast, fresh from Jesuit St. Mary's College in Kansas, came to work at the side of his saloonkeeper-politician brother. At college he had been excellent in baseball and well liked by his fellows. He had a soft voice that could change to an angry bellow. No bully, he readily socked any one who tried to bully him. He showed promise from the start.

Thus two Irishmen held the stick in a ward filled with Italians and Negroes.

In 1911 Jim died. There is a statue to his honor in a Kansas City parkway; there is a fire truck still clanging through the streets bearing his name.

Tom Pendergast now took over. He was well schooled in politics. He had been a deputy marshal, a street commissioner, and an alderman. The philanthropies of his dead brother continued. Tom himself once summed up his political philosophy:

"By God, we feed 'em and we vote 'em!"

His power and his personal fortune grew. He became the boss of Kansas City, then reached out into the state. It is estimated that today he could readily swing more than 100,000 votes for Democratic candidates.

He moved out of the squalid North Side's First Ward into the silk-stocking residential district of the South Side, where, on Ward Parkway, he built a home estimated to have cost $150,000. What his personal fortune is today does not appear, but there are signs that he must be several times over a millionaire.

It is necessary—to understand the Kansas City of today—to go back to the tough First Ward.

An Irishman named Michael Ross took up the reins there in the 1920s. Johnny Lazia, an Italian product of the North Side, deposed him and became boss. Lazia's chance came during a municipal bond election in 1928, when he and his henchmen abducted a number of Ross lieutenants. Lazia said later: "Why not kidnap 'em? It doesn't hurt them and they can't hurt you."

Johnny Lazia in a few swift years became boss of the First Ward, close pal of Tom Pendergast, and a corpse. When, a few years ago, some ambushed machine gunners got him, every newspaper in Kansas City went maudlin. His obituaries were the most fantastic glorification of a gangster that has ever been set in sobbing type.

For Lazia, when you brush away the adjectives, was little more than an ex-convict and gambler, a gum-chewing, weak-eyed egomaniac who had the First Ward and the whole Kansas City Police Department in his fingers.

He came, like Tom Pendergast, of humble beginnings. He was the only son of a common laborer, Giuseppe Lazzio, a shy and decent little man. He had one obsession, born of fear perhaps—he hated to be alone. He was quick-witted and daring. He was still in his teens when he made what he later whimsically referred to as "the unfortunate error of my youth." That error, records indicate, was a highway robbery.

Johnny Lazia was tried, convicted, sentenced to twelve years in prison. He served eight months.

After prison he tried various things, including gambling. He started his political career as a worker for ex-Justice of the Peace Mike Ross, whom he later deposed. As Pendergast's boss of the First Ward he rose swiftly. He became the "fixer" of Kansas City, the man you went to if you wanted to run a racket in the Heart of America. His yes or no was final. He opened an office, but gave it up when—to give his own explanation—"too many people bothered me trying to get my O. K. on all sorts of rackets."

During the lush years his annual take on slot machines ran into seven figures.

Grand jury testimony has revealed that Johnny Lazia, ex-highway robber, actually made appointments to the Kansas City Police Department, and a G-man told of telephoning the office of the Director of Police and finding his call answered, personally, by Johnny Lazia.

It was civic-minded Johnny Lazia who built up the North Side Democratic Club, who became the patron saint of the down-and-outers by financing bread lines in his district. Nor did he fail to take credit.

"I've done a lot for the Italians of Kansas City," was one of his most frequent reminders.

Part of what he did was to give them a police department which, during his ascendancy, amounted to nothing more than a working alliance between the law and criminals.

In the interests of Kansas City, he even went to Chicago to confer with Al Capone concerning the touchy business of selling and buying protection. He came back with his own ideas—and a pretty civic speech.

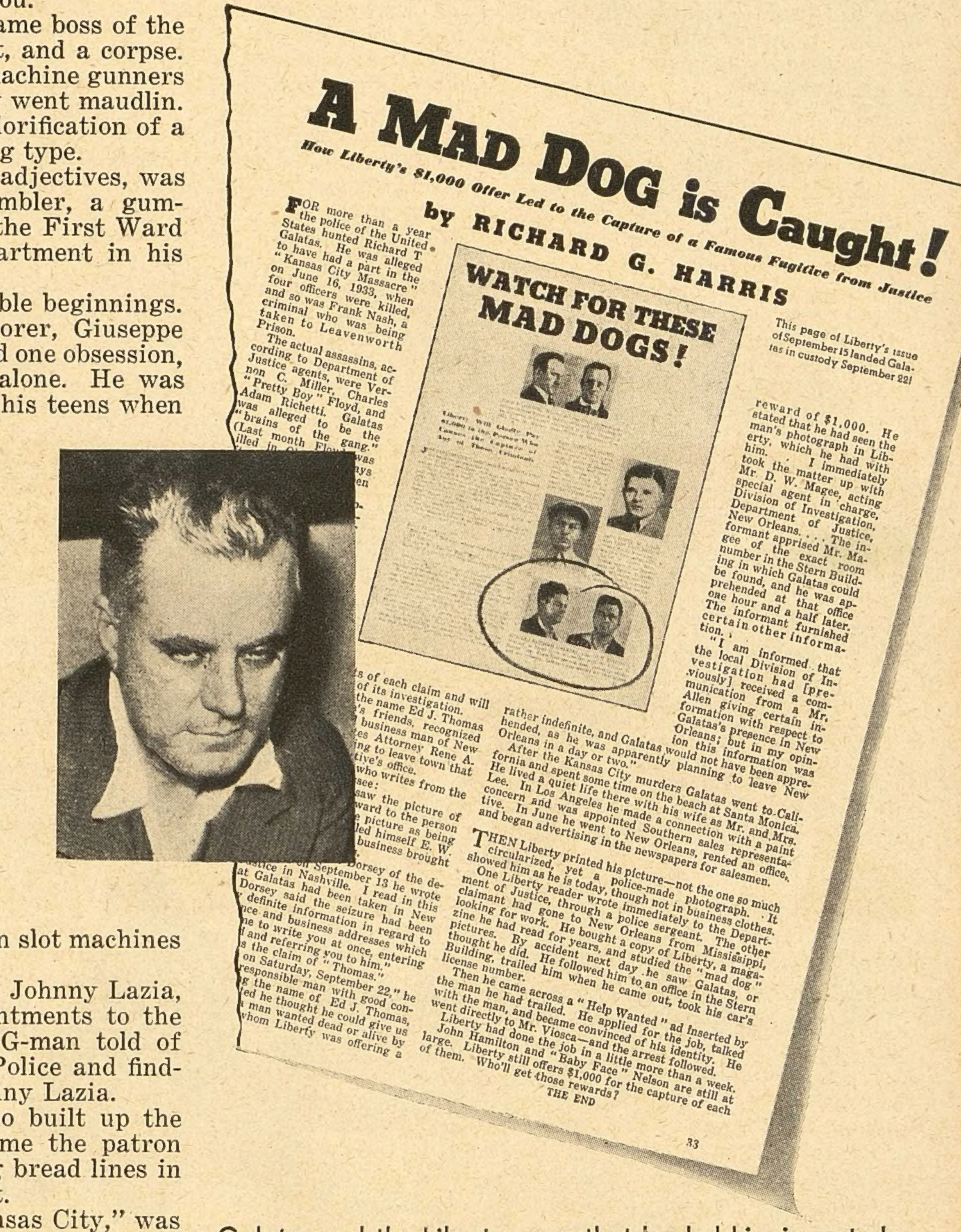
"There is no need here in Kansas City," he announced, "for violence. In Chicago it may be different, but we can keep things pretty straight without bloodshed. We're not going to have out-of-town men muscling in here. That would cause war."

If the Department of Justice holds its nose when you mention Kansas City, you will soon see why. Mr. Pendergast, who bothers to answer few accusations, once spoke his piece for wide-open Kansas City:

"If by calling the city wide open you mean gambling and poker games where the poor man obtains his recreation just as the big men do in their clubs, it is wide open. I wouldn't put a stop to it."

That answer is humane and psychologically sound. But the rich man relaxes with a free mind. Kansas City's poor man, often enough, is the victim of what police parlance calls "sneakers." While he "obtains his recreation," a confederate of his chosen lady obtains the keys to his car—in which he has hidden the balance of his week's wages—and his children go without milk that week. And when the rich man plays poker, his club members don't ring in a cold deck on him.

When Johnny Lazia was playing Robin Hood, the Kansas City Police Department said to the criminals of America, in effect: "We want our city to be clean. Therefore you may come here, and while you are here you will not be harassed or molested; but . . . it is understood that while you are here you pull no capers, no stick-ups, no shootings."



A MAD DOG is Caught!

How Liberty's $1,000 Offer Led to the Capture of a Famous Fugitive from Justice

by RICHARD G. HARRIS

WATCH FOR THESE MAD DOGS!

This page of Liberty's issue of September 15 landed Galatas in custody September 22!

FOR more than a year the police of the United States hunted Richard T. Galatas. He was alleged to have had a part in the "Kansas City Massacre" on June 16, 1933, when four officers were killed, and so was Frank Nash, a criminal who was being taken to Leavenworth Prison.

The actual assassins, according to Department of Justice agents, were Vernon C. Miller, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and Adam Richetti. Galatas was alleged to be the "brains of the gang." (Last month Floyd was
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a man wanted dead or alive by
whom Liberty was offering a

reward of $1,000. He stated that he had seen the man's photograph in Liberty, which he had with him. . . I immediately took the matter up with Mr. D. W. Magee, acting special agent in charge, Division of Investigation, Department of Justice, New Orleans. . . . The informant apprised Mr. Magee of the exact room number in the Stern Building in which Galatas could be found, and he was apprehended at that office one hour and a half later. The informant furnished certain other information.'

"I am informed that the local Division of Investigation had [previously] received a communication from a Mr. Allen giving certain information with respect to Galatas's presence in New Orleans; but in my opinion this information was rather indefinite, and Galatas would not have been apprehended, as he was apparently planning to leave New Orleans in a day or two."

After the Kansas City murders Galatas went to California and spent some time on the beach at Santa Monica. He lived a quiet life there with his wife as Mr. and Mrs. Lee. In Los Angeles he made a connection with a paint concern and was appointed Southern sales representative. In June he went to New Orleans, rented an office, and began advertising in the newspapers for salesmen.

THEN Liberty printed his picture—not the one so much circularized, yet a police-made photograph. It showed him as he is today, though not in business clothes.

One Liberty reader wrote immediately to the Department of Justice, through a police sergeant. The other claimant had gone to New Orleans from Mississippi, looking for work. He bought a copy of Liberty, a magazine he had read for years, and studied the "mad dog" pictures. By accident next day he saw Galatas, or thought he did. He followed him to an office in the Stern Building, trailed him when he came out, took his car's license number.

Then he came across a "Help Wanted" ad inserted by the man he had trailed. He applied for the job, talked with the man, and became convinced of his identity. He went directly to Mr. Viosca—and the arrest followed.

Liberty had done the job in a little more than a week. John Hamilton and "Baby Face" Nelson are still at large. Liberty still offers $1,000 for the capture of each of them. Who'll get those rewards?

THE END

33

Galatas and the Liberty page that landed him in custody.

That the philosophy of keeping a city clean by extending hospitality to undesirables is utter foolishness should be obvious. The bug in it is this: If you make a pact with rats, you can expect a double cross. And Kansas City under Johnny Lazia, haven of crooks, got what it richly deserved—the most ghastly double cross in the history of American crime.

On June 16, 1933, one of Johnny Lazia's Italian bootlegger constituents sought out the boss. "Adam Richetti and 'Pretty Boy' Floyd," he said, "just blew into town. They're only gonna be here a couple days, Johnny. Will you see the cops don't pick 'em up?"

Lazia said he would. Why not? Floyd had been in and out of Kansas City on the average of once a month.

Pretty Boy Floyd, multiple murderer, was at that moment one of the most desperately sought fugitives in the United States. His companion, Richetti, was a murderous stick-up man, bank robber, and safe-cracker. Neither these facts, nor the fact that Floyd and Richetti had that very day beaten their way into Kansas City by abducting a sheriff and a citizen whose car drove them there, meant anything to Johnny Lazia. All he asked of them was that they behave during their visit.

That same day Frank "Jelly" Nash was seized by Special Agents Frank Smith and F. J. Lackey at the White Front Pool Hall in Hot Springs, Arkansas. He had escaped three years earlier from Leavenworth, where he had been serving a twenty-five-year stretch.

Jelly Nash—a pal of the Barker-Karpis crew and most of the big mobsters of that day—was taken secretly by the G-men. The police of Hot Springs weren't consulted or asked to help, for Jelly had been in their town off and on for months, enjoying freedom from arrest.

News of Jelly's "kidnaping" traveled fast, however, and Richard Tallman Galatas, con man, proprietor of the White Front Pool Hall, and buddy of Nash, immediately set out to see what he could do to help him.

Galatas himself had put through the word that led to Jelly's arrest. Now, however, he was eager to cover up this fact. He hurried to the local police station, where calls were put through to other police departments saying that two kidnapers were driving away from Hot Springs with a victim. Special Agents Smith and Lackey, as a result, were twice halted by police.

Galatas now went to the Oak Lawn Tourist Camp in Hot Springs, where Nash had been living with his wife, Frances. "My God," he told her, "they've picked up Jelly!" Frances Nash decided to try to reach her husband's closest pal, Verne Miller.

Miller was a big-time gangster. He had come out of the World War with enough medals to win the job of sheriff in Fargo, North Dakota. Then it had been found he was embezzling county funds from his own office.

For a time he worked as a parachute jumper. Next, via bootlegging, he broke into the rackets, progressing to bigger things—including murder. He became an intimate of the Barker boys, Alvin Karpis, and a score of other gangsters, many of whom he entertained or harbored at his home in Kansas City. Miller had syphilis of the brain and was thoroughly treacherous. These things did not prevent him from roaming openly the Kansas City streets. He was to be found often in the Jewel Club, where the gambling games were banked by an intimate associate of Johnny Lazia.

Frances Nash made a long-distance telephone call to Chicago, to the tavern of one Doc Stacey, a Capone gang hanger-on. She told him that Jelly had been picked up and that she wished to get in touch with Verne Miller. Stacey, a few weeks earlier, had been a guest at Miller's Kansas City home, and had even been introduced by him to a "big-shot politician"—Johnny Lazia.

Stacey now put through a long-distance call to the Horse Shoe Club, whose proprietor, Fritz Mulloy, was Verne Miller's contact man in Kansas City. Mulloy got word to Miller, who called Stacey back. In this cagey roundabout way, Miller was informed that Jelly Nash had been picked up and that he, Miller, was to get in touch with Nash's wife at Joplin, Missouri.

Frances Nash, with Galatas, had chartered a plane and flown to Joplin in an effort to enlist aid, intercept the two federal agents, and deliver Jelly. The attempt had failed. At Fort Smith the agents had transferred their prisoner from the automobile to the 8.30 P. M. train to Kansas City, adjacent to Leavenworth.

Early that night Verne Miller appeared at the Eighty-fifth Street tavern of Fritz Mulloy. He seemed nervous. He told Mulloy disgustedly: "The old man got himself picked up this afternoon in Hot Springs."

"Nash? What you going to do about it, Verne?"

"I don't know what can be done about it."

But Verne did know. He started a search for Johnny Lazia. Weary, nervous, he finally came upon him in a restaurant. With Lazia were Charles Gargotta and Charles Carrolla. Miller grinned in relief.

"You're harder to find than the Pope," he told Lazia. "Come over here a minute, will you? I need help. Pal of mine, Jelly Nash, got himself picked up in Hot Springs this afternoon."

"What for?"

"He ran away from Leavenworth couple years ago. If he goes back he'll rot there."

"Leavenworth? Who picked him up?"

"Oh, a couple of G-men. His wife tells me they're bringing him through by train. He's due to arrive in Union Station tomorrow morning at seven fifteen."

"Just the two men with him?"

"Three. They had some McAlester cop that knew Jelly with them when they made the pinch. I gotta spring Jelly. I want to borrow a couple of your men."

Johnny Lazia shook his head. "Like to oblige you," he said, "but you don't get any of my boys for a caper like that. You're tangling with the government."

"So what?" sneered Miller. "Hell, there won't be any trouble! There's nothing to it. Those G-men aren't even allowed to carry a gun."

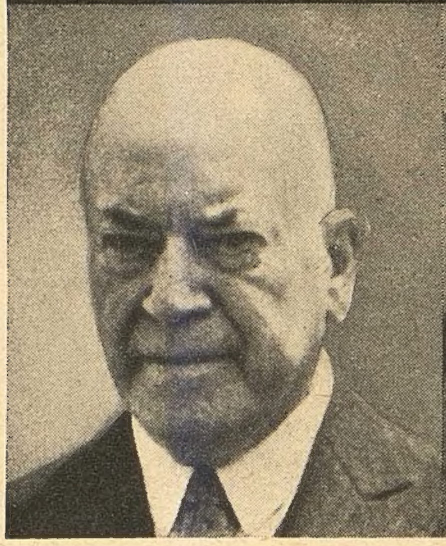
"Nothing doing." But Lazia's squint eyes suddenly brightened. "Why don't you get Pretty Boy and Adam Richetti to help you?" he asked.

"Where would I find them?"

"Come on. Funny thing. They just hit town today."

Down to the West Bottoms went Johnny Lazia and Verne Miller. Lazia introduced Pretty Boy Floyd and Richetti to Miller. They agreed to go in on the job. Miller bunked them at his home that night. On the way

"There is no need here in Kansas City for violence. We can keep things pretty straight without bloodshed."



Tom Pendergast, boss of the open Heart of America—

First Ward boss, Johnny Lazia, who is quoted above—

And "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the mad-dog gunman who, with—

Verne Miller, mocked Lazia's words in the famous massacre.

home he went into a telephone booth and put through a long-distance call to Joplin. It was five minutes after midnight, the morning of June 17. He got Frances Nash out of bed. Frank Nash, Miller promised, would be rescued.

Around seven o'clock that morning, Agents Lackey and Smith, with Chief of Police Otto Reed of McAlester, Oklahoma, reached Union Station with their prisoner. They were joined there by two other special agents, R. E. Vetterli and Raymond J. Caffrey, and by two Kansas City police officers, W. J. Grooms and Frank Hermanson.

Jelly Nash, their prisoner, was ordinarily stark bald. This day, however, he was wearing a toupee, heavy black mustache, and spectacles—which may explain one curious thing that was about to happen.

The seven men walked Nash out the front door of Union Station and across the street to where Agent Caffrey's car was parked. They first placed Nash in the center rear seat, then switched him to the right front seat. Agent Smith took the center rear seat; Lackey was on his left, Chief Reed on his right. Agent Vetterli and the two Kansas City policemen were standing near the car's left running board. Agent Caffrey went around the car to its left front door. He was reaching for the door handle when he heard the command:

"Up! Get 'em up! Up!"

Ten feet away stood three armed men. Floyd, the man who had spoken, had a machine-gun trained on the car. Caffrey, surprised, had no choice. Up went his hands. Young Grooms, the Kansas City cop, reached for his gun. There is disputed evidence that he put a bullet into Pretty Boy Floyd's shoulder. Whatever the facts, the doors of hell ripped loose from their hinges.

A voice, snarling, ordered: "Let 'em have it!"

FLOYD, Richetti, and Verne Miller fired. Grooms and Hermanson dropped where they stood. Reed, holding a double-barreled shotgun, died instantly of bullets fired through the right rear of the car into his back. Agent Lackey was similarly but not fatally shot. Caffrey dropped to the ground, felled by a bullet that had gone in one temple, out the other. Frank Nash, the prisoner, had the back of his head blown away by gunshot from the rear which may or may not have come from the discharged shotgun found later in the dead fingers of Chief Reed. Agent Vetterli suffered nothing worse than a minor wound in one arm.

Special Agent Frank Smith—who had occupied the rear center seat in which originally Jelly Nash had been sitting—got off without a scratch.

The three killers escaped in Verne Miller's sedan. Miller had been nicked in the right little finger by a bullet. They hid out that entire day in his home.

Shortly after the massacre, Agent Vetterli went to police headquarters and conferred with Thomas J. Higgins, chief of detectives, Eugene C. Reppert, Director of Police, and H. F. McElroy, Tom Pendergast's City Manager, whose daughter at one time was romantically kidnaped from her bath; credit for her safe return to the bosom of her family is generally given to Johnny Lazia.

Director of Police Reppert told Vetterli: "There are no local men mixed up in this. John Lazia has made the rounds and found there were no local men in the case."

That very night, while federal agents swarmed about Kansas City seeking some lead to the three slayers, Verne Miller again sought out Lazia. He found him in—of all places—the restaurant in Union Station.

"I'm sorry about all this, Lazia," Miller apologized, "but the coppers started the shooting."

Johnny Lazia was in no good humor. Three out-of-towners had come in and dirtied up clean Kansas City and made something worse than silly Lazia's own solemn pronouncement: "We can keep things pretty straight without bloodshed."

Things weren't straight at all. Kansas City, with the warmth of the Heart of America, had taken to its bosom Pretty Boy and Richetti and Verne Miller—and they had turned out to be adders. The stench of it was on the front page of every newspaper in America.

Out of that Kansas City massacre were to come only two good things: It gave the lie, once and for all, to the asinine theory that any city can make a pact with cutthroats and expect anything but a double cross. And it armed the G-men.

Lazia, however, was not one to cry over spilt blood. He'd been crossed, but what was done was done, and what was necessary now was to get Floyd and Richetti out of Kansas City before they involved him.

"You've put a lot of heat on us," he told Miller. "But I'll see that they get away from here safely."

He ordered a getaway car—a fast good car stolen six weeks before from a St. Louis parking lot. His men had it gassed and serviced. Then he and six of his men saw Floyd and Richetti off. He gave Floyd a machine gun, told him: "These men will escort you out of town. If you run into any trouble with cops, let 'em have it."

"Don't worry," said Floyd.

Lazia called one of his men from the escorting party aside. "If there's any trouble," he said, "don't do any shooting. Run away. I didn't mean that about letting them have it."

Floyd and Richetti got away. The car was found a week later between Akron and Cleveland, the body of a murdered gambler inexplicably sitting in its rear seat.

Department of Justice men learned the names of the two Kansas City hoodlums who had originally stolen the car. One of the two was then in a local hospital. They went there to question him. He had been removed from the hospital by a number of men, one of whom was identified as a Kansas City police officer who was often seen in the company of Johnny Lazia.

Floyd later was shot down by G-men, Miller by gangsters. Richetti was captured and convicted by the state courts of the murder of Officer Hermanson. As this is written, he awaits death.

But the Department of Justice hammered for months at the case, eager to bring to book the many persons who had conspired to deliver Frank Nash.

One by one, they rounded them up. Liberty turned up Galatas by publishing his picture and description, offering a reward for his capture.

THEY went to trial, and the man who convicted them was a recently appointed fighting Federal District Attorney—Maurice M. Milligan. He is the man who today is so successfully battling against the machine; who is prosecuting the vote-fraud cases in Kansas City.

Maurice Milligan was raised on a farm in Richmond, Missouri. He received his law degree from the University of Missouri and began practice in his home town. He was first city attorney, then, briefly, an assistant county prosecutor. He was twenty-eight years old when he became a judge of the probate court.

He retired to private practice until February of 1934, when, championed by St. Louis' Senator Bennett Champ Clark, long a foe of the Pendergast machine, he was appointed United States Attorney for the western district of Missouri by President Roosevelt.

Maurice Milligan tackled his job hating the Kansas City machine and everything it represented. He was a Democrat, but he owed the machine nothing. His personal and political life was pin-clean, and he went into office with his sleeves rolled up, ready for a fight.

He won the first round—conviction of those whose conspiracy had resulted in the Kansas City Massacre.

He lost the third round—he indicted the Director of Police in Kansas City for perjury before a Federal Grand Jury. A trial resulted in a speedy acquittal.

But it was the second round that really proved interesting. It grew out of a murder. A man named Charles Gargotta was the defendant. Kansas City's state courts had a whack at Gargotta first. Gargotta was acquitted. Then Milligan took over. He was fighting more than Gargotta. He was fighting Kansas City's machine.

What of the murder of which Gargotta was acquitted? You might not be impressed if you read of that case in fiction; it might seem too farfetched and fantastic. Being TRUE, the inside stories of it, and of Lazia's death, that you'll find in Liberty next week will just about heave you, openmouthed, out of your chair!

A SOCK IN TIME

Love, surprise, laughter! The riotous story of a rash young man and a Hollywood knockout

BY EDGAR FRANKLIN

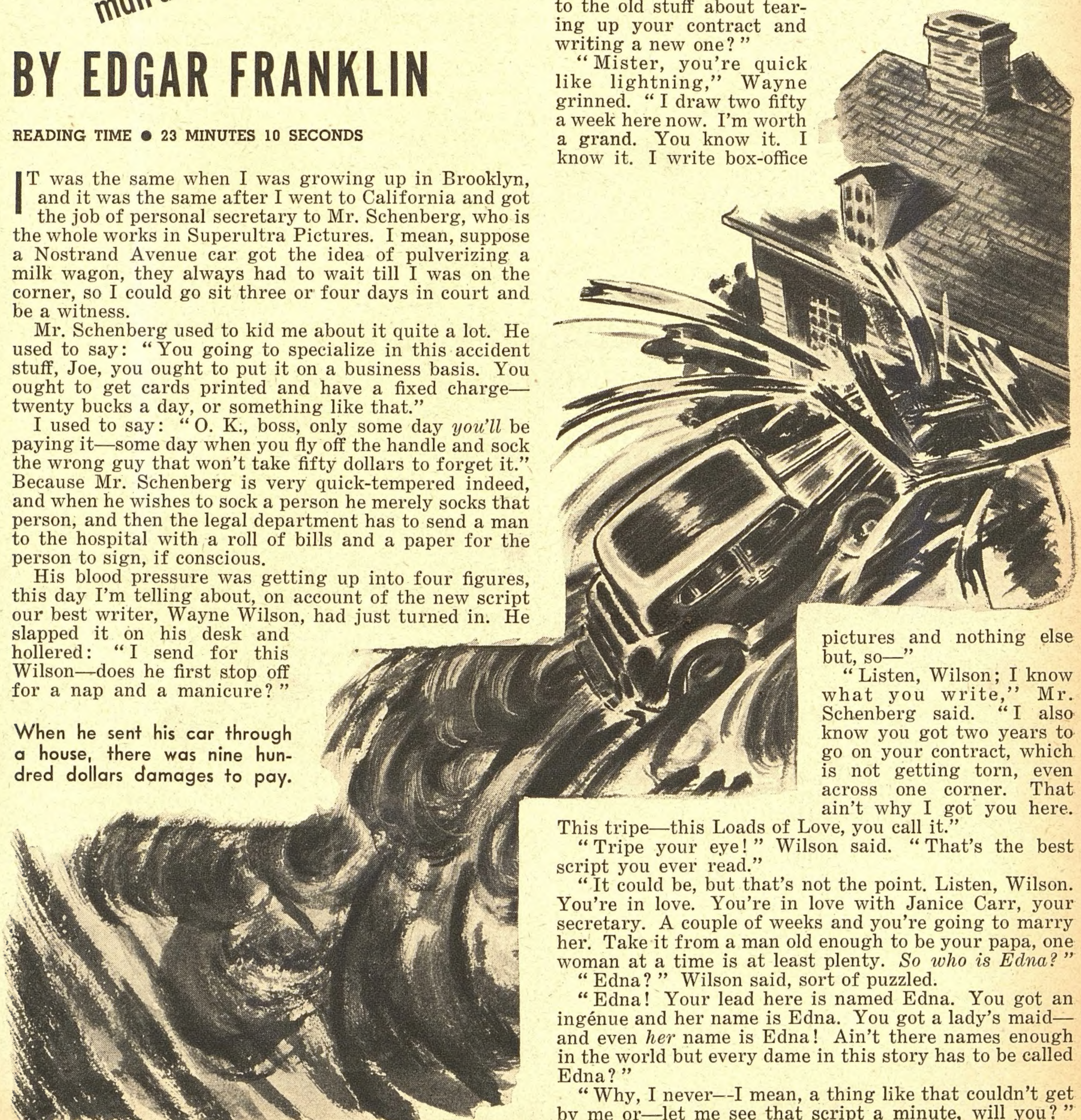
READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT was the same when I was growing up in Brooklyn, and it was the same after I went to California and got the job of personal secretary to Mr. Schenberg, who is the whole works in Superultra Pictures. I mean, suppose a Nostrand Avenue car got the idea of pulverizing a milk wagon, they always had to wait till I was on the corner, so I could go sit three or four days in court and be a witness.

Mr. Schenberg used to kid me about it quite a lot. He used to say: "You going to specialize in this accident stuff, Joe, you ought to put it on a business basis. You ought to get cards printed and have a fixed charge—twenty bucks a day, or something like that."

I used to say: "O. K., boss, only some day *you'll* be paying it—some day when you fly off the handle and sock the wrong guy that won't take fifty dollars to forget it." Because Mr. Schenberg is very quick-tempered indeed, and when he wishes to sock a person he merely socks that person, and then the legal department has to send a man to the hospital with a roll of bills and a paper for the person to sign, if conscious.

His blood pressure was getting up into four figures, this day I'm telling about, on account of the new script our best writer, Wayne Wilson, had just turned in. He slapped it on his desk and hollered: "I send for this Wilson—does he first stop off for a nap and a manicure?"



When he sent his car through a house, there was nine hundred dollars damages to pay.

"He ought to be here any second now, Mr. Schenberg," I told him. And just then Wilson walked in.

Nice guy, Wilson. Maybe twenty-eight or thirty then; absolutely ordinary, regular in every way, except about cars. He didn't own one because he was scared to drive, and any time his taxi got up to twenty he'd start rapping on the window.

"Well, I guess we talk some business now, Mr. S.?" he said.

Mr. Schenberg gave him that holiday-size scowl which starts most people shaking.

"This doesn't lead back to the old stuff about tearing up your contract and writing a new one?"

"Mister, you're quick like lightning," Wayne grinned. "I draw two fifty a week here now. I'm worth a grand. You know it. I know it. I write box-office pictures and nothing else but, so—"

"Listen, Wilson; I know what you write," Mr. Schenberg said. "I also know you got two years to go on your contract, which is not getting torn, even across one corner. That ain't why I got you here. This tripe—this Loads of Love, you call it."

"Tripe your eye!" Wilson said. "That's the best script you ever read."

"It could be, but that's not the point. Listen, Wilson. You're in love. You're in love with Janice Carr, your secretary. A couple of weeks and you're going to marry her. Take it from a man old enough to be your papa, one woman at a time is at least plenty. *So who is Edna?*"

"Edna?" Wilson said, sort of puzzled.

"Edna! Your lead here is named Edna. You got an ingénue and her name is Edna. You got a lady's maid—and even *her* name is Edna! Ain't there names enough in the world but every dame in this story has to be called Edna?"

"Why, I never—I mean, a thing like that couldn't get by me or—let me see that script a minute, will you?"

"He never said anything to me about having a weak heart," Janice answered. "I don't believe—"

he said, and he picked it up and did some more muttering as he turned the pages. "I typed this myself, yesterday and day before, or Janice would have caught it and— Well, you're right, at that. I did call 'em all Edna, didn't I? But it's just a name that's kept floating through my head for weeks, somehow, and— Curious! Blamed curious! Well," he said, kind of pulling himself together, "it won't take more than an hour or two to get rid of the Ednas, so we can go back to the brass tacks, eh? That contract of mine was written before—"

"A raise," Mr. Schenberg interrupted, speaking from down in his chest. *Absolutely not!*"

Wilson jumped out of his chair, and he was that mad he shook all over.

"All right, then, you dim-witted, parsimonious punk—"

In less than one second Mr. Schenberg was out of his own chair, all purple around the jowls and yelling:

"What's that you called me?"

Wilson stuck out his jaw and started pounding the desk, just like Mr. Schenberg.

"I called you a dim-witted, fatheaded, piffling, penny-pinching, parsimonious punk!" he shouted. "And what's more—"

By that time Mr. Schenberg had come around the side of his desk and hung one on Wilson's chin that lifted him up and sent him flying through the air like a ping-pong ball. He landed on his back, giving his head an awful whack on the floor, and then he just lay there, absolutely cold.

"So now," I said, "I can go sit in court three or four days and be a witness."

"Suppose he sues," Mr. Schenberg said, "it was self-defense. Go slap his face, Joe."

Well, I slapped. It didn't do any good. I poured a glass of water on his face. That didn't do any good either, except it made him moan.

"Well, I guess we get a doctor?" I said. "He probably has a weak heart or something. He looks like he's dying, Mr. Schenberg."

"Suppose he has a weak heart, he shouldn't go around slugging people," Mr. Schenberg said, very much excited. "Maybe Janice would know."

"You could ask her to come over," I suggested.

Mr. Schenberg picked up the interoffice phone, and you could hear his teeth rattling like dice in a box.

I'd say it took Janice less than a minute to get over. She's one of these pint-size blondes with a temper, and it started to pop the second she saw the bruise on Wilson.

"He didn't faint. One of you hit him!" she said, looking at me and then at Mr. Schenberg and the red knuckles on his left hand. "It was *you*, you big bum!"

"O. K., it was me and I am a big bum, and I give you my word I hardly touched the boy," Mr. Schenberg said. "Only will you kindly say as quick as possible does he have a weak heart and what do you do for it?"

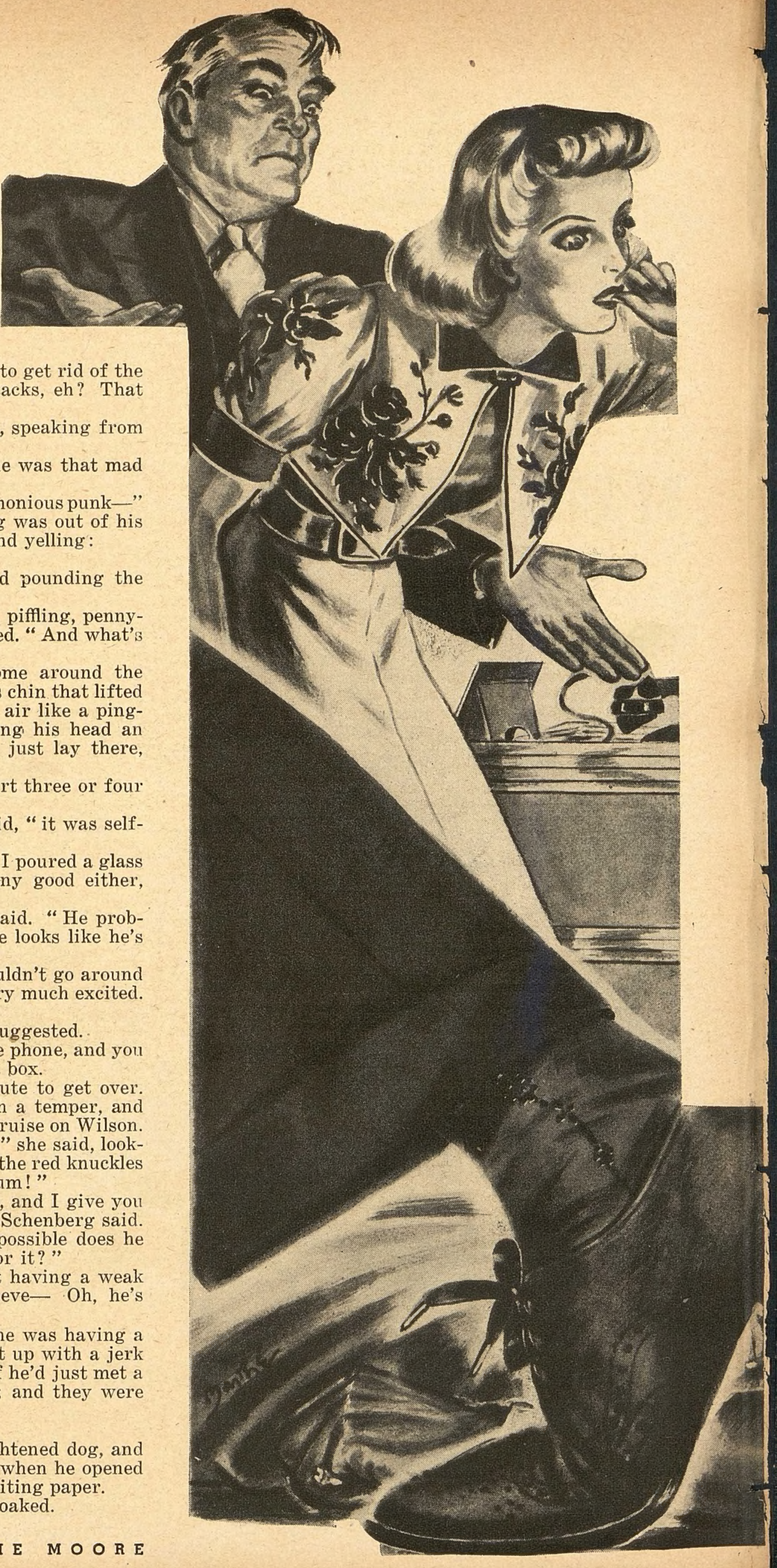
"He never said anything to me about having a weak heart," Janice answered. "I don't believe— Oh, he's coming to!"

Wilson gave a terrific shudder, as if he was having a sort of personal earthquake. Then he sat up with a jerk and his eyes opened, and they looked as if he'd just met a whole regiment of ghosts on the stairs; and they were hardly open when he shrieked:

"Look out! Harry, *look out!*"

Next he let off a long howl like a frightened dog, and huddled down, hands over his eyes; and when he opened his eyes they were blank as a sheet of writing paper.

"Where's—what's this place?" he croaked.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

"O. K., Wilson," Mr. Schenberg said, greatly relieved. "Just so you are not—"

"O. K.—*who?*" Wilson mumbled. "My name's not Wilson."

"And so what is your name, Wilson?" Mr. Schenberg grinned.

"What? Why—why, Higgy, of course. Dave Higgy."

By that time he was getting to his feet, Janice helping him and the eyes popping out of her head.

"Wayne! What's the matter with you?" she said.

Wilson turned the queerest fishy grin on her.

"Nothing, lady, except my name's not Wayne, either," he said.

"Wayne, *don't you know me?*" Janice screamed, shaking him.

"No, you cunnin' little trick, I don't know you, but I'd sure like to, because I— Hey, did I say something to make you cry?"

She plopped down into one of the big leather chairs and put her head on the arm and sobbed and sobbed. And just then Wilson happened to look at the morning's Examiner on the desk, and he jumped as if a bullet had gone through him. He sort of gargled: *"Los Angeles! 1937!* This isn't 1937—this is June, *1932!"*

And he reeled over as if he was going down, so I grabbed him, and put him into a chair, too, and he started mumbling:

"I guess something happened, didn't it? Now, see! I was driving, and Harry said slow up, only I— Say, no kidding, is this California we're in?"

"Well, can't you tell from the rain outside?" I said.

"Is there a telephone here? A long-distance telephone? Well, I want to call Low Rivers, Illinois—six-four, ring two. I mean, the store—Higgy's grocery, see? And pop—no," he said, whimpering. "Pop might not be there any more, with that pain over his heart and—well, Edna'll be there and— At that, she might be married and somewhere else, mightn't she?"

"Yeah; well, who *is* this Edna?" Mr. Schenberg said.

"What? My kid sister—Edna, of course."

Well, I already had the phone, and not two minutes later the sweetest voice I ever heard said, "Hello!"

I said, "Is this Higgy's grocery? Is—is Edna there?"

"Yes, I'm Edna," this beautiful voice said.

"Well, have you a brother named Dave?"

And then Higgy snatched the phone and he was babbling like a madman into it.

IT would take too long to give you that whole conversation, which came to $28.20 on the bill and had Mr. Schenberg hitting the ceiling; but the main idea was that this Wayne Wilson was actually some very-small-town lad named Higgy, whose brains got shaken loose in a motor smash five years ago and were then jolted back into place by Mr. Schenberg; and now he wanted to get back to Low Rivers and see the folks, and he'd hop the afternoon plane for Chicago if he could borrow the fare.

By that time poor Janice had got some hold on herself.

"Try writing your real name—try writing Wayne Wilson," she said. "If you write it the same now, you've got over three thousand dollars in the bank and you can send around for a thousand. Here!"

At first he wouldn't sign the check.

"I know you're all kidding me because I'm a hick, but I'm not that much of a hick. You can get into plenty trouble that way. Best offer pop ever got for the store was twenty-two hundred, and that's all the money was ever in our family." Then he happened to look down at himself. "Say, where the heck did I get all the store clothes?" he gasped, looking around. "Hey, maybe I *have* got three thousand dollars, huh?"

Well, he signed the check, and his face was something to look at when the kid came back from the bank with twenty fifties. He counted it four times and then buttoned it in his inside vest pocket, the Janice kid hovering around him all the time and trying to make him know her, and Mr. Schenberg and me trying to explain to him who he really was—and it simply wouldn't stick.

"I still know you're kidding me, on account of I never even could write compositions in school. I want to go home to pop and Eddie and— Say, how do you find out quickest about planes?"

Well, if he insisted on going, there was just time for me to drive him to the airport, and he certainly insisted. I don't remember ever feeling any funnier than when he stuck out his hand and said:

"Well, thanks for the buggy ride, Jim—no, your name's Joe, isn't it? Well, thanks anyway, Joe. Wherever this apartment of mine is that you've been talking about, if there's anything worth while there I'd be much obliged if you'd ship it on collect—small stuff, that is. And tell that young lady if I'm ever this way again I'll sure look her up and maybe we could have dinner or something. Because *that*"—he winked at me—"is quite some baby!"

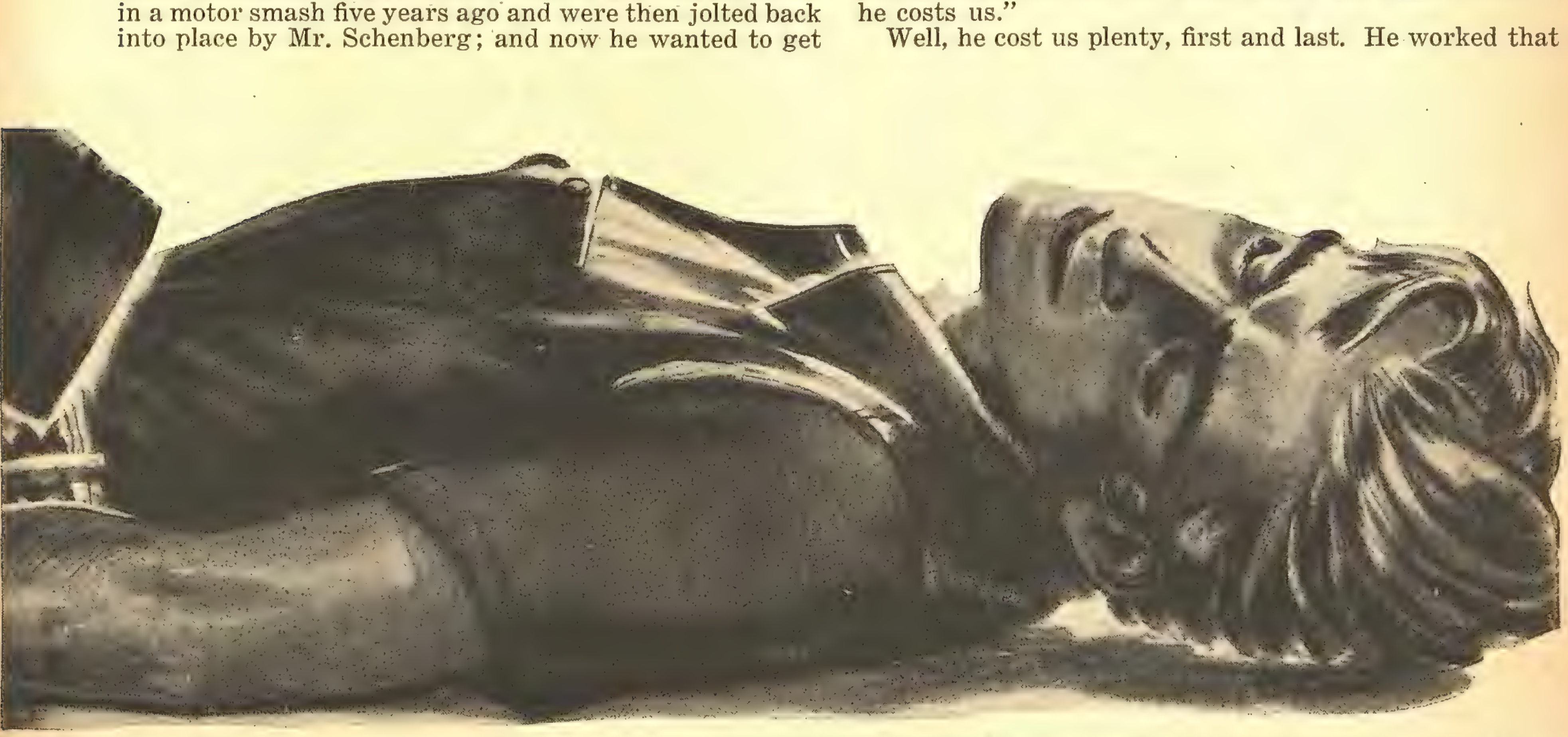
Mr. Schenberg had just finished telephoning when I got back to the office. He looked as if a whole big-league team had been working on him with their bats.

"Just as I thought, the legal department says you can't hold a man to a contract he makes while out of his mind," he said. "So I called up Dr. Rifler, the big brain man, to see how such brains get repaired. They don't get repaired, Joe. Just one sock—and I knocked out all the good ideas that ever got into Superultra!"

But it's pretty hard to lick Mr. Schenberg.

"O. K.; the guy is now the same as dead," he said, "so we will find some other guy just as good. I hear Bascombe Trayne is just out from New York. See how much he costs us."

Well, he cost us plenty, first and last. He worked that



last one of Wilson's over to his own taste, and it flopped; he did one of his own, and that flopped too. Although all that was weeks and months later, of course. Point seemed to be, when it came to that type of picture, Wayne Wilson had a touch absolutely all his own.

After a couple of weeks Janice said: "I guess I'm a sissy, Mr. S., but I just can't take it. It's lovely, being Mr. Trayne's secretary, but somehow Wayne's always there and—well, I'm quitting. I'll visit my cousin in New York for a while and maybe get a job there—or come back here. I don't know and I don't care!"

I'd gathered up a lot of Wilson's private papers which might come in handy to him some day, only they'd all have to be explained to him, and when some personal stuff of Mr. Schenberg's had to be delivered to his brother in the Chicago office, I suggested that I could deliver it myself and then run down to this Low Rivers with Wilson's things, and that was O. K. with Mr. Schenberg.

Well, in a spot like Low Rivers you'd never expect to find a lady with everything that can possibly be, but there she was, all the same—Edna Higgy. She was twenty-four then, and so beautiful it just took you by the throat and—well, never mind that part just now.

But the goofiest thing in the whole Low Rivers picture was Wayne Wilson—or Dave Higgy, that is—behind the grocery counter in his shirt sleeves, with a white apron on him. He started hollering for "pop," and a nice old palooka with whiskers came out of the back room and busted three fingers on my right hand, shaking them.

THEY all lived in a real old home around the corner, and I had to stay for dinner, and once I'd seen Edna that was O. K. And then, since it was Saturday and there were so many things Dave wanted to ask me about himself, I had to stick around over Sunday.

"Say, I must have been really somebody for a while there, from all I hear about these Wayne Wilson pictures," he said, very wistful. "Hell! Why did he have to sock me just when I was in the money and happy?"

Edna said she'd drive me up to Chicago early Monday for the plane, and that's how we happened to be coming into Evanston just when the freight train smacked the big passenger bus and turned it into matchwood. For some reason nobody was killed, but you could almost smell the lawsuits bursting into bloom even before the doctors and nurses began arriving. We had to stay there till Wednesday, giving detailed accounts to the ambulance chasers and swearing to affidavits, because Edna and I were the only eyewitnesses outside the bus.

I had to go back five different times, all told. It got so Mr. Schenberg would pretend he was surprised to see me when he came in. He'd say: "Not with us again! Would you be able to stay the day, or do you have to go witness this Edna some more?" And that didn't set so good. Kidding, when a person was merely doing his duty as a good citizen, understand.

Of course I had to write Edna now and then about the cases, and of course she had to answer, and sometimes she'd give me a little gossip. And in that way months passed—and then, all of a sudden, Eternity Pictures brought out that Love's Lunacy comedy that had them rolling in the aisles from Bangor to Tia Juana. Everybody said it was the nearest thing to the old Wayne Wilson stuff that had appeared since the calamity.

Mr. Schenberg caught it at a sneak preview, and he came in next morning looking ten years younger.

"Always you get that cockeyed line about how there will never be another Wayne Wilson—and still it seems there is at least one more, Joe. The name is John Barstow, and he gets screen credit for story, play, dialogue, and everything but the costumes. Go snoop!"

So I went and snooped, and I even got a glimpse of this Barstow number from a distance. He wore big spectacles and slacks and sneaks and a sports shirt, and he had a square black beard and a shock of crazy black hair. They'd imported him from New York and they were paying him five hundred bucks a week, with options on both sides; and when Mr. Schenberg heard that he merely said: "Find out who's his agent and what he costs us."

Well, his agent wasn't interested in us or anybody else till he saw how much he could stick Eternity for. He said they were rushing out a new Barstow, called Love and Laura, which would bust off half the vest buttons in America and start the whole industry screaming and running in circles—and there it had to lie for a while.

I ran into Janice on the street about that time. She looked pretty cheerful.

"Cured?" I asked her.

"You mean Wayne? Well, when a lady's boy friend has been punched into a grocery clerk and doesn't even know her by sight any more, there's nothing much to do about it, is there? Yes, I'm cured."

"Working?" I asked.

"Eternity. I'm that new Mr. Barstow's secretary. He's wonderful."

You know, that started me thinking.

"Hey, listen!" I said. "Are *you*, by any chance, the masked marvel that was helping write Wilson's pictures and wouldn't lift a finger for Trayne because you didn't like him and is now helping Barstow because he's—well, wonderful?"

"Joseph," she said, with a peculiar little smile, "why do you read all those detective stories?" And off she went.

I was going to give that one to Mr. Schenberg in a hurry, but I forgot absolutely all about it when I got back to the office and found the letter. From Edna, I mean, saying she'd be coming to San Francisco to visit a friend the latter part of the week.

Mr. Schenberg started objecting when I asked for Saturday off.

"After all, Joe, and never mind if I need you here," he said, "what did the people of San Francisco ever do to you? You go up there and look just once at some streetcar, and instantly it breaks loose and slides down the hill and hundreds are killed—just so you can be a witness. You have now witnessed practically all the accidents in California, if not in the whole world. Let it go at that."

"Mr. Schenberg," I said, because this stuff was beginning to get my goat, "that's plain silly."

ONLY it seemed it wasn't. I mean, the day I got there was the day the giant oil tank slipped its brakes and backed down a grade and into two cars, with Edna and me on the corner. They got our names and addresses before we could scram, and I had to go back to San Francisco the next three week-ends. That last week-end I had to go anyway, and I didn't get into the office until after noon on Monday.

"Oh, *I* remember you," Mr. Schenberg said getting facetious. "We see so little of each other lately; but your name's Joe, isn't it? Sit down, Joe, if you can spare a minute, and listen. My business is pictures; yours is accidents, Joe, and you are overstocked—and when you are overstocked there is nothing left but to sell out for the best cash price possible. In other words, Joseph, henceforth you got to find some way to make your accidents pay."

"Well, look, Mr. Schenberg," I started again. Only by that time he was looking at a bunch of clippings the boy had brought in and laid on his desk. I'd just been reading them. They were all raves about this new Love and Laura picture, and the more Mr. Schenberg read, the purpler he got. He started sputtering:

"'Better than the lamented Wayne Wilson at his best!" And then he groaned out loud: "Fifty thousand dollars cash I would give to take back that sock I handed Wilson!"

It was just as if somebody pasted me between the eyes.

"O. K., Mr. Schenberg," I said. "Everybody knows your word is as good as another man's bond—so goodby!"

If you want to make a little money you have to spend a little money. At that, the taxi driver didn't cost me so much, once I had him located. I mean, the same taxi driver that always waited at the Eternity side gate and took John Barstow home.

It was after seven and dark when Barstow finally came out. I trailed about a block behind in my little bus, till the taxi stopped short in a nice lonely canyon road. Then I waited about five minutes and rolled up alongside and asked:

"Stuck?"

"Stuck ain't the word, buddy," the taxi driver said.

"Where's your passenger going?" I said. "Maybe I can give him a lift."

Well, Barstow stuck out his head and told me where he was going, and I said I had to pass that address myself and he might as well climb in, which he did, grumbling. I started off fast and within a block he said:

"Hey, there! Mind going a little slower?"

"Sorry, pal," I said, "but I'm late as it is." And then I gave her the gun and we passed fifty and started up toward sixty; and he grabbed my arm and choked: "Joe! For the love o' Mike, *go slow,* will you?"

"How'd you know my name?" I asked him.

"What? Somebody pointed you out when— Hey! Not that way! Not right! *Turn left and slow down!*"

"I was sitting in the movies, Chief —and guess who got screeno!"

"Hold your hat," was all I yelled back at him, "and if that one front tire doesn't let go, we're probably all right!"

Mr. Schenberg is different; he never hit the swimming-pool trail. I mean, he built a nice little thirty-room cottage on a hill just west of Hollywood when he first got rich, and he still lives there. We shot up the short drive, and I just pointed the bus at the corner of the house and shut my eyes.

I must say we hit with quite a crash. Chunks of stucco flew in every direction. My bumper cracked loose at one end and stuck straight up in the air, and the radiator was all squashed in—but even so, the shatterproof glass held, and there we were, still alive!

Well, I looked down at Barstow, who was now on the floor, sobbing and chattering. And then I looked up, where lights were being turned on, and there was Mr. Schenberg on the veranda, furious.

"*You,* is it?" he yelled at me. "You must even bring your accidents to my home and make them happen against the house! You must—"

"Hold it, Mr. Schenberg," I said. "I'll pay for the repairs out of my fifty thousand dollars. Because, believe it or not, Mr. Schenberg," I said, "you have now taken back the sock you handed Wayne Wilson. And as for you," I said to this Barstow, "you ain't seen nothing yet! What I mean, come clean quick or we go on hitting houses all night till you do come clean. Mr. Schenberg," I said, "will you please step down and ask this party has his memory now got restored by the same experience that put it on the bum in the first place? And then ask him who he is, Mr. Schenberg," I said.

Then I hauled Barstow up to the seat and pulled off his hat and spectacles and pushed back his long hair. He was all limp and weak and licked. I was greatly pleased.

"Never mind any more of—the rubber-hose stuff," he said, very hoarse and shaky. "Put on the bracelets. I'll go back and serve out the rest of my time, Schenberg. Yes, I'm—I'm Wayne Wilson."

It was beautiful to see the way Mr. Schenberg smiled, once he was beside the car.

"Wayney," he said, "there will be no more trouble about terms and the legal department will take care of Eternity. And as for you, Joe," he said, looking hard at me—and then his voice cracked. "Why, *Joseph!*" he said, wringing my hand. "My boy Joe!"

WELL, I have now been released from a solemn oath of secrecy, Mr. Schenberg, so I can now give you all the dope," I told him next morning. "You see, when Dave Higgy sent his car through that house five years ago, there was about nine hundred dollars damages for somebody to pay, and no insurance. The Higgy family was away in the red just then and couldn't pay nine bucks, much less nine hundred; and when Dave got out of the hospital he was a nervous wreck—he's not much better today, where cars are concerned—and not fit to earn nine cents.

"So Dave decided to disappear instead of going home, and I guess it was nearly a year before he could write home and tell the folks he'd hitchhiked to California and would probably send on the nine hundred dollars pretty soon.

"He'd always had a yen to write, and he's always been fuller of good ideas than a pod is full of peas, and when he got hungry enough he ground out a couple of quickie plots that sold before they were finished. By that time he was calling himself Wayne Wilson, because nobody could ever get by with a name like Higgy, and that's where we found him and finally signed him up on the long-term contract.

"Well, after a while his pictures started making big money and he got the idea you were gypping him, and you wouldn't do anything about it, Mr. Schenberg; and then Dave started studying out a real good idea for his own use, and he wrote Edna and pop what he was going to do, so they could play up to him when the time came. He knew he could get you to sock him. You darned near *did* knock him cold. He had quite a job collecting his wits and putting on the fake amnesia act and—"

"One second," Mr. Schenberg said, and his face was getting funnier and funnier. "Janice knew all about this plot to swindle me?"

"Oh, sure, Janice helped plan it," I told him. "First off, I thought Janice was doing the writing and—well, anyway, he and Janice got married in Chicago, months ago."

"Continue," Mr. Schenberg said, gritting his teeth.

"Well, in case you sent somebody to check up on him, Dave played clerk in the store again, back there in Low Rivers, for a couple of months, meanwhile working on Love's Lunacy, which he sold to Eternity through some New York agent, and they went so wild about it they had him fly out within the week. He was all fixed by that time, so he could come back here and move around pretty safely. I mean, he'd let his hair and whiskers grow and dyed 'em black and he was even ready with that tramp make-up he's been wearing. He was just settling down comfortably to roll Eternity for a couple of thousand a week when you made that crack about giving fifty grand to—"

"Joseph," Mr. Schenberg interrupted, "more and more it gets to me you are full of information like an encyclopedia. If you knew all these interesting things, *why*—"

"Mr. Schenberg," I said quickly, "is it O. K. about the fifty grand?"

"It is O. K. about the fifty grand," Mr. Schenberg said, starting to double his fists. "Only—*give!*"

"Then you don't have to knock me for a loop, Mr. Schenberg, because I'm no traitor," I said. "I never really knew about this till last Saturday."

"And how come you suddenly knew it then?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Schenberg," I said. "Last Saturday I married Dave's sister Edna!"

THE END

I BOMBED WOMEN

BY GEORGE E. SPRAGUE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HAVE bombed women and children!

I have pulled the releases that loosed huge lethal "eggs" filled with T. N. T., knowing full well that there were ninety-nine chances that my bombs would blow up homes and business houses and kill and maim helpless noncombatants to the one chance that they would reach the military target at which they were supposed to be aimed.

I bombed them and I killed them, but I didn't want to. I wanted to fly and fight, yes, but I didn't want to destroy helpless noncombatants.

But I had to do as I was told, regardless of what my heart and conscience told me was right or wrong. If I had refused to drop my bombs, those men who chose my targets would have taken me out and shot me. My duty called for unhesitating obedience to orders. I was engaged in that horrible business called making war.

I did not *try* to kill women and children. I used to breathe a prayer that only soldiers would be killed and military establishments destroyed. I knew in my heart that my prayers were futile. For the women and children were there, and bombs have a way of missing the targets at which they are aimed from ten to fifteen thousand feet in the air.

From one who can't forget—a vivid, frightening shaft of light on the dark ways of war

That knowledge tore at my heart every time I pulled those bomb releases. It tears at my heart now, when I see the pictures from Spain and China.

It is not pleasant to sit in a bombing airplane far above a great city and watch the hellish destruction you have loosed. In your mind's eye you can see the poor helpless creatures below. You suffer with them, and for a few seconds you feel all the hideous things they must feel as they hear the bombs hurtling toward them, shrieking and howling their hellish song of death.

Soon you fly back to your airdrome and report.

"Missed the railroad yards but blew up a whole street just behind it."

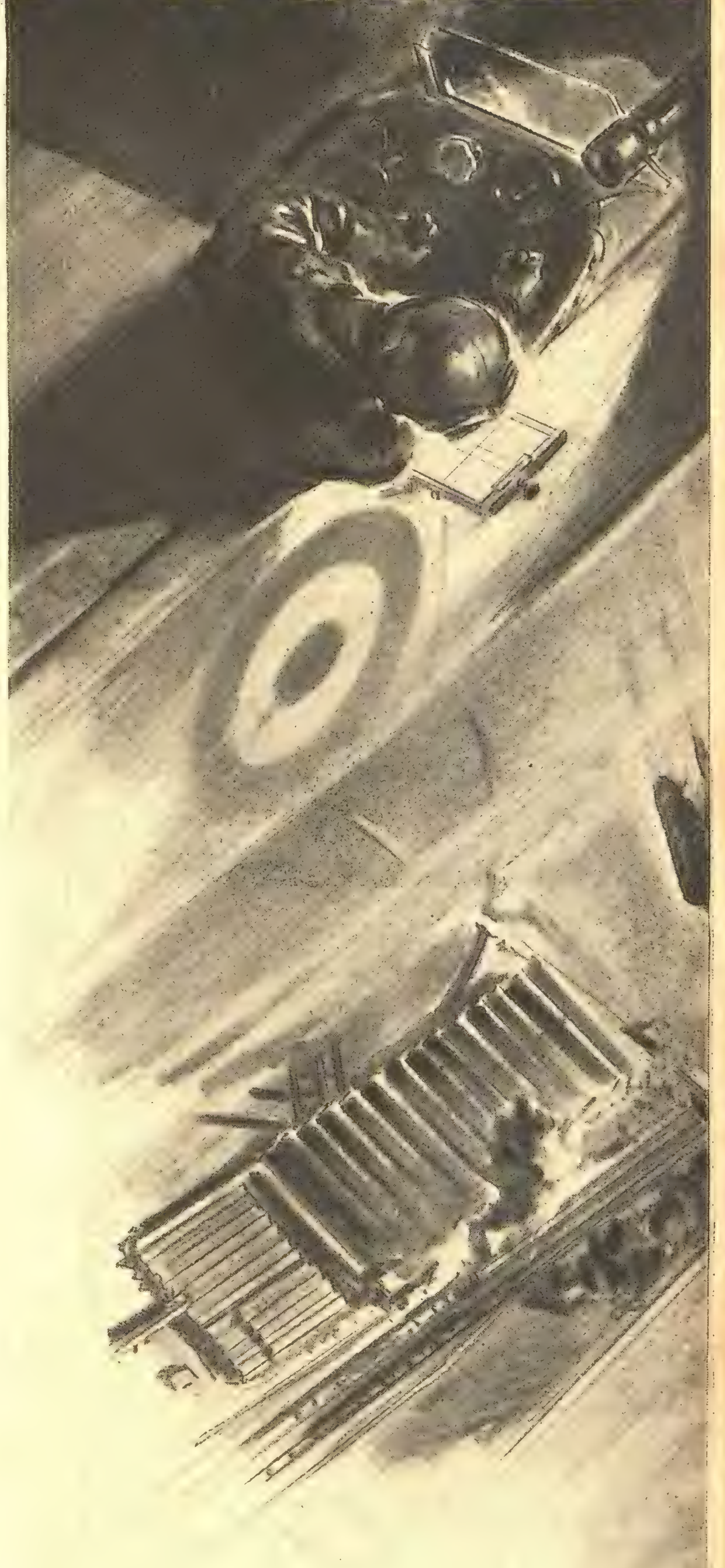
"Good. Destroy their morale and all that sort of thing." You are patted on the back.

That's it. Make the war horrible and maybe the enemy will quit. Kill, maim, and destroy. That's war. Women and children and noncombatants killed? Too bad. They shouldn't have been there.

But they *will* stay. People hate to leave their homes, even when war comes to their very doorstep or rooftop.

Women and children and noncombatants persisted in remaining in the path of Sherman's army when he marched to the sea. He cut a swath one hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, leaving a path of destruction and waste in which a bird could hardly find sustenance.

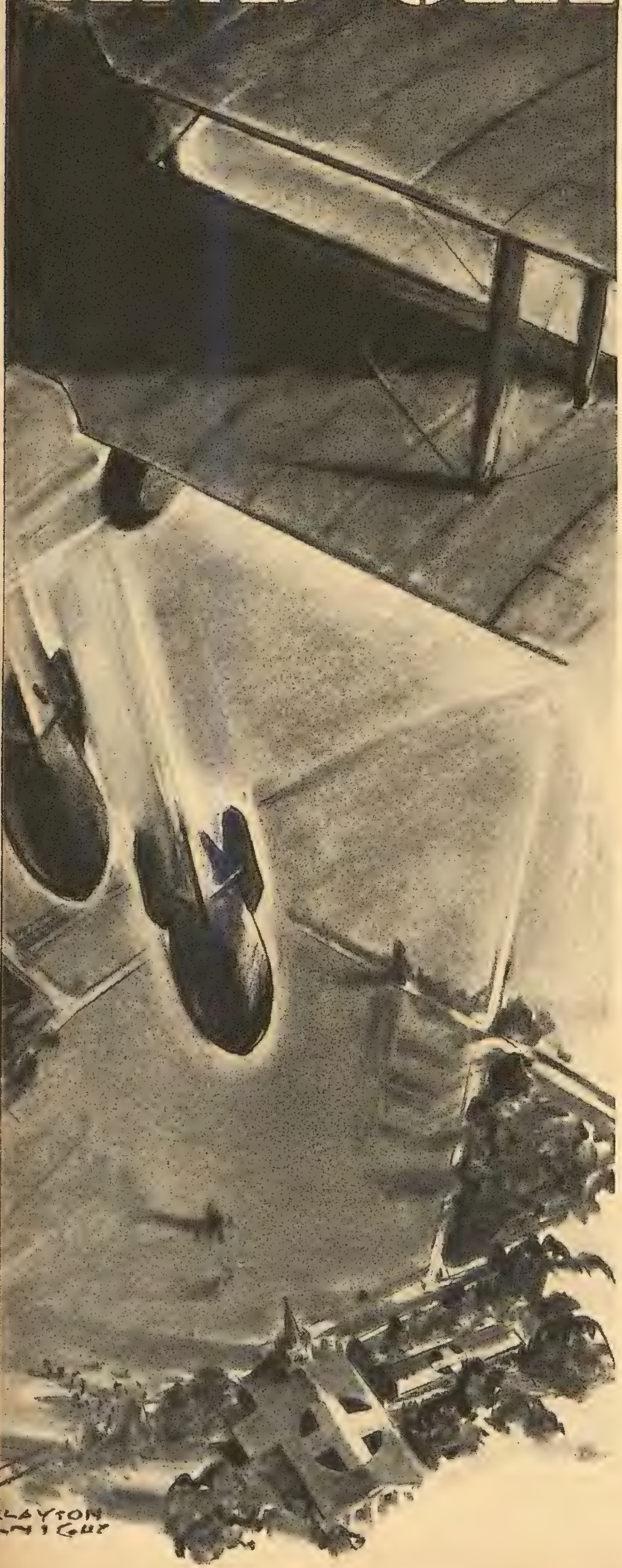
Sherman made war on women and children, and he was



For a few seconds you feel the hideous things they must feel as they hear the bombs shrieking their song of death.

AND CHILDREN!

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON KNIGHT



honored for it by a grateful nation. We have raised monuments to him, and our school children are taught that he was a great hero. But I'll bet he had some nights when he couldn't sleep.

When I was engaged in dropping bombs on human targets I used to wonder what our gunners thought about when they sent great shells whistling into Vera Cruz toward the thousands of noncombatants who were there with the few hundreds of soldiers. I fancied that they were probably told: "You are shooting at your enemies who have insulted the American flag and must be punished."

And the British soldiers who burned American farmhouses on their retreat to Boston after the battle of Lexington and Concord were doubtless told by their officers: "Yankee farmers are sniping at you from those farmhouses. Your comrades are being killed."

It is interesting how much hate you can build up for the enemy when some one you have slept beside and marched with falls dead by your side. And the people who are running the war will do their utmost to make that hatred extend to every one you call enemy, every one on the other side, whether he be soldier or noncombatant or woman or child.

That's what war is—hate—and hate is a mighty impelling human feeling.

I used to sit in a French estaminet at the edge of our airdrome and listen to the Frenchwoman who owned the place sputter about the "dirty Boches" who had dropped a bomb at our field, and missed, and knocked the stuffing out of the cottage in which she lived. I used to agree with her that they were "dirty Boches," and then go and drop bombs over on the German side, where very probably other women referred to us as "English pigs."

You can't always tell from where you sit.

Certain well-intentioned persons have in mind that they can make rules to "humanize" war, rules that will prevent the bombing of noncombatants.

Did you ever hear of a nation at war failing to use any weapons at hand just because the rules prohibited?

The rules of civilized warfare (civilized—there's another laugh) prohibited the use of gas in the World War. But the Germans started using it, and every one promptly forgot all about the rules.

The same rules prohibited dumdum bullets, but individuals on both sides dumdummed their bullets.

Shotguns were taboo, but American soldiers used them in the Argonne and were glad they had them.

Rules are made to be broken. You cannot "humanize" war. The two words do not go together. There is nothing human about war. It is a bestial business. It is a frightful business.

The degree of frightfulness does not depend upon any rules. It depends upon which side has the best weapons of frightfulness, and how far they can go without getting a dose of their own medicine.

The Germans sent Zeppelins to drop great bombs in London for the express purpose of lowering England's morale. The Germans wanted the English to quit. And they knew the English had no machine capable of flying to Berlin to return the compliment.

That other war that I was in was not a very human war. It was a horrible, nauseating business. They have more airplanes now, more bombs, and more young flyers to drop them. And they're still dropping them on the women and children, just as we did. It's the same horrible, nauseating business, only more so. And it always will be.

I bombed women and children. May God forgive me!

THE END

THE STROUD TWINS

There's fortune in boredom! Here's the blithe true story of how two acrobats found it

Here they are—Claude (left) and Clarence.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

LEANDER swam the Hellespont. Columbus discovered America. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Byrd reached the Pole. But, for sheer bravado, none of these achievements compares with the modern miracle performed by a couple of fellows named Stroud.

A large statement? Let me show you what I mean.

In baseball there is a practice called "picking your spots." Of these great twin brethren it never can be said that they picked their spot. They went on Charlie McCarthy's own program with a rival comedy act, and made good.

There had been other comedians on the McCarthy program—good ones, too, notably Bill Fields—but they had all had McCarthy with them. Their best laughs had been shaken from Charlie's tree. But Stroud and Stroud, going it alone, took no wood and asked none.

They didn't go in for smart patter at all. It seemed at first that they didn't mean to be funny. They simply talked on—at least, Clarence, the voluble one, talked on—in the flattest, most uninteresting voice you ever heard about the flattest things.

However, listeners began to smile, then grin, then laugh. The sly humor under the monotonous dialogue began to take effect. Clarence talked longer and oftener, and he used words which you felt he didn't understand himself, and you knew darned well that you didn't. A most obnoxious person, Clarence!

Claude, the poor stiff, was in some ways more annoying than his brother. We longed for Claude to rise up and smite Clarence. But old Claude said nary a word. We could fairly hear him listening while his brother wandered on through a maze of sentences.

Finally, when Clarence too seemed tried beyond all patience by Claude's silence, he would ask:

"You feel that way, don't you, Claude?"

But Claude always refused to commit himself. All he would say was:

"I'm happy about the whole thing."

You knew he wasn't.

The effect of this unusual technique was cumulative. You laughed at it a little tentatively while it was happening. Then you thought about it, and chuckled a bit all by yourself. And the next day, at the office or over the back fence, you told your neighbor about it, and the two of you laughed so hard that sometimes you forgot what Mr. McCarthy said to Mr. Bergen—which, if you ask me, is some forgetting!

That was the way the great twin brethren stormed the popularity heights.

Their achievement was all the more extraordinary because they weren't comedians but acrobats.

On a wind-blown Texas morning in the year 27 B. McC.—in radio, time is now computed as Before McCarthy and After McCarthy—much to rancher Stroud's surprise, Mrs. Stroud served doubles. The exact date was March 26, 1910, and place was Kaufman, a village not many miles from Dallas.

Pa Stroud accepted his fate and looked forward, albeit impatiently, to the time when his two lads would help to tend the cows and till the fields. As for Ma Stroud, she was happy about the whole thing.

Some twins are "look-alikes." Some are not. The Strouds were. And, from the cradle, the impossibility of distinguishing one from the other has been a source of continuing and often embarrassing confusion.

"The problem," explains Clarence, "is indeed a mystifying one, even to me. In extreme youth I formed the habit of answering to the name Clarence and my brother to the name Claude, but I may be Claude and Claude may be Clarence. Am I right or am I not, Claude?"

"I'm Claude," says Claude.

Well, Claude he is to fifty million listeners each Sabbath eve; but in the early days his Aunt Alice was the only one of Kaufman's 2,279 inhabitants who claimed to be able to tell the twins apart. Clarence was her favorite, and she loved to take him out driving in her buggy. Claude she considered a very stupid boy. But Clarence didn't care for buggy riding—he wouldn't, you know—and Claude took most of the rides.

Aunt Alice never knew.

In spite of the almost painful erudition displayed by Clarence in his Sunday-night explanations to Claude, the Stroud boys' book learning never went beyond the fourth grade. At that stage, faced with the choice of working on the ranch all their lives or carving out a career of their own, they chose the latter alternative. From their tenth year on, their eyes were trained on Broadway. Their first contact with their public came at a gala celebration in near-by Terrell, where Clarence won a declamation contest and Claude tried to climb a greased pole.

The twins' uncle took them to a vaudeville show in

And Their Past

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Dallas. There were acrobats on the program. When the two twelve-year-olds got back to Kaufman, they began working up an act of their own in Aunt Alice's back yard. They even added a bit of tight-wire walking.

When they felt that they had their act practically ready for Broadway, they journeyed over to the neighboring metropolis of Burkburnett, population 3,281, and took first prize in an all comers' acrobatic tournament. After that the John Robinson Circus, via a hopped freight to St. Louis, was a "natural."

During their two years under the big top no one in the entire troupe except Bisco, the aged elephant, could tell them apart. Claude always fed Bisco peanuts and Clarence fed him nothing. When Claude approached, Bisco stuck out his trunk; when Clarence appeared, he ignored him.

The Strouds wisely felt that the big time, not the big top, should be their objective. So they hopped another freight. American vaudeville audiences have always been partial to sister acts and brother acts, and especially to twins. Audiences liked these personable Southern boys with their identical humorously upturning eyebrows, their identical generous mouths and wide crescent smiles, their identical snappy double-breasted suits, and their identical laughing brown eyes.

Their fellow performers liked them, too.

After six or seven years of tumbling around in small-time vaudeville, they finally reached the two-a-day's top house, the Palace in Times Square.

Up to this time the boys had never spoken a word on the stage. But when the Monday-afternoon Palace audience called them repeatedly before the curtain, Clarence took a chance on a curtain speech.

It was probably the worst curtain speech on record. No one was more bored than Claude, and he made no effort to conceal his disgust with his brother's performance.

Suddenly the audience began to giggle, then chuckle, then guffaw. Clarence was so bad and Claude so bored that they figured it was a gag.

The speech stayed in the act.

When vaudeville died under their feet, they tried the night clubs, toured Australia, separated for a time while Claude tried his hand at scenario writing. Nothing seemed to work. Finally, last year, they united again for night-club work.

The great white discoverer, Rudy Vallee, caught their act at the Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Center, and forthwith spotted them in his Thursday-night show.

After two amazingly successful appearances on the Vallee hour, they heard the West a-calling. The sponsors of the McCarthy program had decided that knocking on wood for a whole hour's comedy entertainment was pushing their luck too far, and were already looking for a contrasting act for a supporting spot, when their ears fell on Clarence and Claude. Immediately they decided to take a chance on the newcomers.

In a word, the twins proved to be a wow!

That their popularity completely baffled the so-called radio experts was to be expected. For they owed whatever success they had hitherto attained to just those qualities which were of no use to them on the air.

For one thing, they were genuine twins. One look at them had convinced the man and woman out front that nothing was being put over on them. On the air it would have made no difference if they had been physically as unlike as Judy Garland and Kate Smith.

For another thing, their specialties—hoofing and acrobating—were of little or no use in radio.

What was more, when they did open their mouths, they violated every preconceived notion of what radio vocalizing should be. Into the air's feverish orgy of sound the Stroud Twins eased their lackadaisical, unitalicized way. By being normal, they achieved the unusual. By not straining to be outstanding, they *were.*

And to whom is the credit due?

Well, so far as I have been able to find out, there is no god in the Stroud machine. The boys have been, from the beginning, notably on their own. And they seem to be very evenly matched. Each takes a prominent part in the preparation of their material, and each takes his turn at managing the act. Claude was the manager when they got the offer to go West; Clarence, on the other hand, was in charge when they crashed the Vallee program, which was the opening door the their radio success.

It is only in social matters that differences in the two boys emerge. Claude likes to get his exercise on the tennis courts and in the sea; Clarence takes his vicariously at boxing matches and in the ball park. Claude doesn't care for parties and premières; Clarence adores them. Claude wants a mountain home; Clarence prefers a city house. Claude takes shower baths; Clarence prefers a tub.

Naturally the boys are getting a big play right now. Some enterprising press agent thought it would be a good idea to have them photographed with the beauteous Brewster twins, Barbara and Gloria. Everything was going fine until, according to Hollywood dispatches, Mrs. Claude appeared on the scene. Clarence is a bachelor.

The most interesting invitation they have received so far—and one which they hastened to accept—was to act as twin masters of ceremonies at the International Twin Convention in Chicago this summer.

Their chief regret right now is that the acrobatic stunts that they have worked on for years cannot be shown on the air.

"Some of them are exclusive, too," moans Clarence. "They can't be done by any one but me."

"I can do 'em," says Claude.

Their radio routine has varied little from the curtain speech at the Palace in the days of long ago. Of late Don Ameche and Dorothy Lamour and some of the others have been ganging up with Claude to silence his brother. The burden of the act, however, rests on Clarence's long rigmaroles, with Claude getting the pay-off lines.

Another thing that has not changed is the mistaken identity curse that has dogged them from the cradle. For instance, the Sunday afternoon before they opened on the McCarthy program, Claude was running strictly to form when he stepped into the Vine Street Brown Derby and ordered himself a planked steak. As he went out he told the head waiter how much he had enjoyed it.

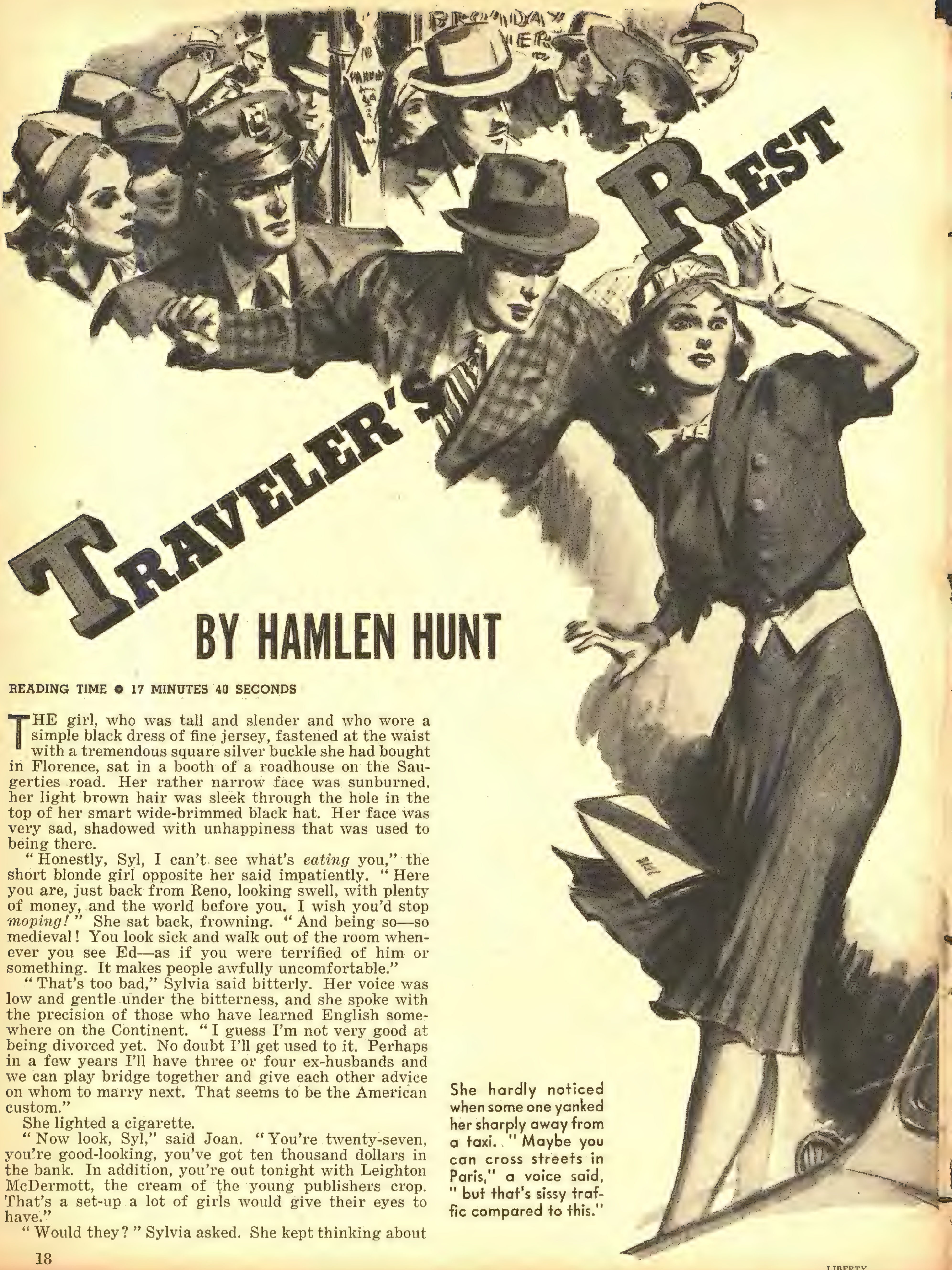
"I ate every ounce of it," he said.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter had to be revived when he saw what he took to be his satisfied customer returning to the restaurant and ordering another steak.

Sometimes it seems as if even the twins had given up on the problem of straightening themselves out. More and more they address each other merely as "Stroud." There is, however, an infallible way of telling the brothers apart, and that is to stick your finger in their mouths and make them say "Ah!" Claude has had his tonsils out—or maybe it's Clarence!

THE END

TRAVELER'S REST



She hardly noticed when some one yanked her sharply away from a taxi. "Maybe you can cross streets in Paris," a voice said, "but that's sissy traffic compared to this."

BY HAMLEN HUNT

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE girl, who was tall and slender and who wore a simple black dress of fine jersey, fastened at the waist with a tremendous square silver buckle she had bought in Florence, sat in a booth of a roadhouse on the Saugerties road. Her rather narrow face was sunburned, her light brown hair was sleek through the hole in the top of her smart wide-brimmed black hat. Her face was very sad, shadowed with unhappiness that was used to being there.

"Honestly, Syl, I can't see what's *eating* you," the short blonde girl opposite her said impatiently. "Here you are, just back from Reno, looking swell, with plenty of money, and the world before you. I wish you'd stop *moping!*" She sat back, frowning. "And being so—so medieval! You look sick and walk out of the room whenever you see Ed—as if you were terrified of him or something. It makes people awfully uncomfortable."

"That's too bad," Sylvia said bitterly. Her voice was low and gentle under the bitterness, and she spoke with the precision of those who have learned English somewhere on the Continent. "I guess I'm not very good at being divorced yet. No doubt I'll get used to it. Perhaps in a few years I'll have three or four ex-husbands and we can play bridge together and give each other advice on whom to marry next. That seems to be the American custom."

She lighted a cigarette.

"Now look, Syl," said Joan. "You're twenty-seven, you're good-looking, you've got ten thousand dollars in the bank. In addition, you're out tonight with Leighton McDermott, the cream of the young publishers crop. That's a set-up a lot of girls would give their eyes to have."

"Would they?" Sylvia asked. She kept thinking about

A heart-warming story of modern ways and an old-fashioned thing called love

Reno these days. But of course she'd only been back two months, and she'd forget in time how lonely that little rented apartment filled with rented furniture had been.

She and Ed had lived on Eleventh Street for three years, in a clutter of the most artistic and cultured untidiness. They had eaten antipasto out of the tiny icebox and drunk Greek wine at midnight. In the mornings, Liz, the enormously tall colored girl, came in and flung the place into order.

The aunt and uncle who had brought Sylvia up had been engaged in the minor activities of the minor diplomatic circles. She had learned to model in clay and to beat copper into bracelets, but her handwriting was illegible and her spelling terrible. At intervals she had joined her aunt and uncle and heard a great deal of cultured conversation. She was an intelligent, quick-minded girl, so when she finally came to America she didn't find it hard to live up to the American belief that European-educated people are the most cultured on earth. Only Ed and Liz knew her secret—that she was ignorant.

"Why, Miss Sylvia," Liz said, "you's a big grown-up married girl, an' you can' cook, you can' work at no job, you don' know where to buy things good. I mean you don' know how to git along, like."

Liz was saying just what Ed said to her sometimes:

"This world-traveling-culture idea is sure a laugh. Why, you're practically helpless unless you're on a boat or a train or in a hotel, where everything's done for you. And yet you can entertain people and you certainly talk a nice education. You know about Debussy, you know about Matisse—only I don't think you even know too much about them, if it came right down to brass tacks."

He had hugged her so she wouldn't have her feelings hurt, and she had wrapped her feet in a tangle with his and leaned back against the bright pillows Liz had showed her how to cover.

"It's not your fault, honey," he had said kindly. "You'll learn. You're smart. I guess, as a matter of fact, you really have to grow up in one country to be educated; you need to know everything about the people of that country—what they eat, what they work at, what they think about, what they want out of life, what games they're interested in—because when you know one country well and are part of it yourself, then you have a point of departure. You're all of a piece—not made up of bits and tatters of what games they play in Spain and what they eat in Italy, see?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

"That's silly," she had said, stung into argument because he had accidentally touched on the sensitive place—her feeling of never quite belonging anywhere. "That's being provincial and nationalistic. It's better to have a broad viewpoint."

Ed had laughed. "You don't even know what I'm talking about. But you're my girl and I love you."

Later he'd said, "Are you ever homesick for some place, Syl? I hadn't thought about that."

"Homesick?" she'd said. "No. There were too many places."

He had held her very tightly, as if she had said something that made him sorry for her. "Look," he had said. "In a few years, when we're a little more settled, we'll take ourselves a trip abroad. I've only been over once and I only stayed a month or two—I'd like to go again. You'd like to do that, wouldn't you?"

She had been very excited at the idea. "Oh, yes!" she cried. If they went to Europe she could find nice places for Ed he'd never find alone, find things to do, show him what she knew about other countries. "I'd love to. The first money we get, let's go."

"Well, maybe not the first money," Ed said. "But the second, anyway."

SYL!" Joan said in a rasping whisper. "Syl! Snap out of it! Here come the boys!"

"Excuse me," Sylvia said, and ground out her cigarette.

She shook her head a little and reached for her black satin purse, digging in its clutter for her lipstick. As Joan's fiancé and Leighton McDermott came back to the booth she was putting it away again, smiling at Leighton, who'd asked them all up to Woodstock for the week-end of the maverick.

"It's an old American institution," he had explained. "The artists go and the summer people go and the natives go, and they all drink and dance and raise the deuce generally. But when it gets into the papers it's always written up as an artist revel with bathtubs full of champagne and naked women. American newspapers are like that." Leighton, Sylvia noticed, liked to pride himself on the same qualities she possessed—cosmopolitan knowledge of surface things: American newspapers, London tea and fog, French wines of the more obscure vintages. He thought she was wonderful for the same reason Ed had thought she was ignorant, and that was rather comforting.

"Dance?" Leighton asked, and she nodded and slid out of the booth into his arms. Sylvia's black looked spectacularly formal and she wished some one had told her what to wear. Joan was appropriately wearing a full-skirted calico dress that swirled as she danced. I'm always looking like an expatriate, Sylvia thought.

"You're looking lovely," Leighton said, and danced swiftly and lightly around the room with her. "I wish you weren't going abroad so soon—next week, isn't it?"

"Yes," Sylvia said. "Next week."

Leighton said, "I wish I could go with you, but this is our frightfully busy season. You'll be fortunate enough to see moonrise in Italy—" He sighed.

Sylvia sighed too, because she had been tired years ago of people talking about the moon in Italy.

Next week she'd be on a boat bound for Southampton, and when she got off she'd be in a familiar country, with time and money and no obligations. She could travel as long as she wanted, or she could settle wherever she chose. You could still live for very little in small places and you needn't get caught up in the village life unless you wanted to. Some people liked getting to know the postman's family and having the grocer practically a second cousin, but she didn't believe in it. Perpetual foreigner, she thought, quoting words of an old quarrel.

Ed had said, "It's fun knowing the people around, Syl. That's why I like this place we saw in New Jersey. It's a real country town with beautiful country all around it, and yet we could get into New York for theaters and excitement. But in the town we'd know the people we bought from, and we'd be part of a place, not just renters of rooms the way we are here. That's fun for a while, but I'd like to have a place of our own to come back to before we go traveling. And I certainly wouldn't dream of going anywhere on your money, anyway! You'll have to wait until I get a raise, honey."

That was because when her aunt and uncle had been killed in a railway accident in Germany she had got ten thousand dollars from the insurance company. That had been almost two years ago, and for a year she and Ed had argued about going to Europe on the money. Ed had thought it was terrible that she wasn't more shattered by the death of the people who had brought her up. He had kept looking at her with a strange look, almost like fright, on his lean face. But she'd seen them very little and barely heard from them since her marriage.

HAMLEN HUNT

a native New Yorker, lives in Boston, where she has a job. Her recent success in selling fiction to magazines encourages the hope that she can soon devote all her time to writing. One of her stories was selected for the new collection of O. Henry Prize Short Stories of the Year.

"But, Syl!" he'd said. "Syl! I suppose you wouldn't even miss me if I got killed or we split up, would you? You're like a kid—your emotions don't go down very deep. You can cry over your cooking just the way a kid cries over a dead rabbit, but when something really bad happens it doesn't bother you because you're immature—you haven't grown-up understanding of what it means. That's what I mean by people needing roots. You've never loved a place or a person so much it would break your heart to leave."

"Ed, I love *you!*" she'd cried, knowing that was what he wanted to hear her say; but she did think he was being a little absurd about this root business. Of course she'd miss him, but they'd never split up, so what was the use of worrying? It had amazed and shocked her into stupidity to have Ed leave her. She was just beginning to understand what had happened now, almost a year after it had happened.

One night the next week he had come home tremendously excited because he'd been given a raise.

"Now we can take that farm place in New Jersey," he'd said. "And maybe next year we can go abroad."

"Ed!" she had cried. "How lovely! But let's celebrate by getting on a boat tomorrow and going somewhere. We'll use my money and have a lovely splashy time, and when we come back we can settle down in New Jersey, if we still want to."

He had looked at her, the excitement wiped off his face. He had explained patiently, "But I have a job. I can't leave it any old time and go cruising, not if I want to keep on getting raises. Let's both work hard this year—we might even take a couple of courses this winter or something—and next year we'll celebrate with a real vacation."

She had been just a little frightened. It was the first time Ed had sounded so serious about their life together, the first time marriage had sounded so concrete.

"I want to go now!" she'd said stubbornly.

"We can't," Ed said.

"Yes, we can," she'd yelled. "You're so smug, Ed! Everything has to be done the way you want it, and nothing I want or do is right. You're just a narrow-minded, untraveled, uneducated American!"

He had said, very quietly, "This is getting serious, because I'm the way I am, after all. Do you mean you won't do any of the things I want and thought we both wanted?"

"Yes!" she'd yelled back. "That's what I mean!"

"Well," he'd said, his face very white. "I guess we'll be splitting up for a while, kid. I've got work to do, and if you want to play around by yourself, O. K. I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you that it's fun to be grown-up too, and fun to have a house and family—that it's more than just dull responsibility and work. So you go ahead and spend your money and have yourself a good time, because I can't live that way myself. And call me up sometime."

He had put on his hat and coat and left, right in the middle of dinner, which Liz had cooked. And the next evening, while she was at the theater with some friends, he'd come and taken away all his clothes, leaving a note to say he was staying at a little hotel near his office, in case she wanted to reach him.

Leighton whirled her hard. "Wake up, wake up, beautiful!" he said. "Aren't you having a good time?"

She smiled and moved in more closely to him. Leighton was quite charming and he liked her. She was finding out that it was very important to be liked these days.

"I'm having a lovely time," she said.

And then Ed had called her up one day, and she had been excited and happy, thinking of course he'd give in and they'd go on a trip and everything would be as it had been. But Ed had come down, still white-faced, looking thin and tired, but neater than when he'd been with her and she'd kept forgetting about the laundry and sending his suits to be pressed.

"Look, Sylvia," he'd said, keeping his eyes away from hers. "We can't go on like this indefinitely. I can't, anyway. As things are, we're neither together nor apart."

"Ed—" she'd begun, but he had gone on.

"You'll have to make up your mind soon," he'd said. "Maybe it seems unfair to you, but I've already told you I can't go skittering around your way, so if you're not going to come my way—"

She had flared back, "I won't go your way. You're so *obstinate*—"

"O. K., kid," he had said, very low. "O. K. Then we're through, I suppose, and you'll be on your way to Reno. I probably won't be seeing you, except if it's necessary to tie up the legal ends of—of what I used to think was our marriage."

He had stood up and gone away, and she had sat stupid and confused with pain for a long time. But after a few weeks she had recovered some of her old ability to accept change. She had gone to Reno and started to get divorced. In those months alone there she'd found out a lot more about emotions than she'd known in her life before. She'd found out she had a lot, and that a lot of them were tied up with Ed. When she met Ed accidentally on the street the day after her return from Reno, she almost screamed with shock. They had stared at each other, he unsmilingly, she with tears in her eyes, and they had turned their backs on each other and gone away.

"Here they are!" Leighton said. "Here come the others at last. Now we'll be off to the main event."

A dozen assorted people were piling through the door, all in bright costumes, all talking and laughing, some already dancing to the music of the mechanical piano.

"Come on, lovely," Leighton said, slipping Sylvia's arm under his. They walked forward, Sylvia being introduced while arrangements about the cars and meeting later were made. One of the dark-haired young men turned, still with his arm around a small slim girl in cretonne—and Sylvia and Ed were looking at each other while the smiles stiffened on their faces.

The maverick was held in a lovely clearing with nearby woods and a sloping hillside that made a natural amphitheater. On the stage in the hollow a pantomime had just been concluded when Leighton and Sylvia and their party arrived, and the stage was being cleared for open-air dancing. Sylvia found herself dragged into a dance she knew nothing about—Virginia reel—and had a confused time until Ed snatched her hand and swung her around.

"Turn, then back to back, then to your place and lead the line back through the center," he said quickly. "We learned this at kindergarten. It's a well known American dance."

"Really?" she said. Her knees felt queer. "But I can do a German waltz, a French peasant dance, and several English morris dances."

"Then you can practice up when you go abroad, can't you?" Ed said politely. "I heard you were going next week."

They were still partners at the end of the dance, so Ed led her down into the shadows beside a cluster of rocks. He put his arms around her lightly, and stared down at her face.

"Have you missed me, Syl?" he asked hesitantly. "I can't seem to get used to it yet."

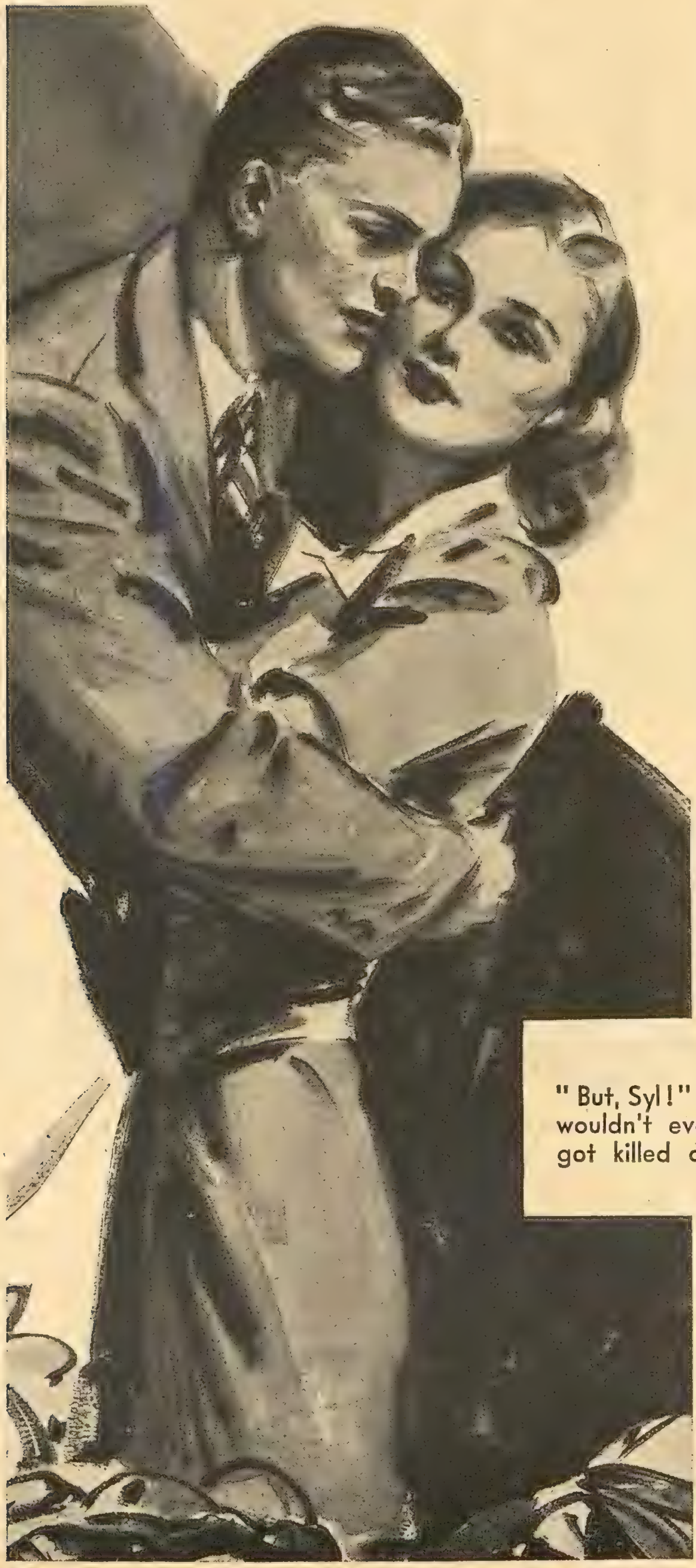
She had never lied to Ed, so she said, "I've never missed any one so much in all my life."

And then suddenly he was kissing her, and after a terrified second or two she struggled out of his grasp and away from him, panting with anger.

"Why did you do that?" she asked. "*Why?*"

Ed stood looking at her with a half-smile on his face, and it increased her anger so that her hand flew out and she heard the sharp sound, like a small bough breaking, that it made against his face, and saw his expression alter curiously, like a jigsaw puzzle suddenly pulled apart. Then she turned and ran from him, stumbling.

"Leighton!" she called. "Leighton!" And at last she saw him coming toward her. There was so little comfort in the touch of his hand on her arm she wished she had not called him. She wished she could go on running until she found a road that would take her somewhere else where she would be a different person.



"But, Syl!" he'd said. "You wouldn't even miss me if I got killed or we split up."

AND now, Sylvia realized, she was a different person. It was eight months since that day when the letters of the alphabet had swung in the breeze with no more baggage piled under them, when the farewell sayers had gone home and she had sat on her trunk and watched the Europa out of sight. Getting down at last from the trunk, she had known for the first time the feeling of being an immigrant in a strange country whose language she did not know. "Turn again, Dick Whittington," she had thought. "Turn again." Her friends had seen her off to Europe at a party the night before, but she had never gone aboard, although she had every intention of doing so when she left her hotel. There had just been something about the whole business of tickets and baggage that frightened her because it made her realize it didn't matter to any one where she went and that all the rest of her life could be like that. So she had hidden in a corner, watching the Europa go without her.

Now, after eight months, she worked in an office. It had meant day-and-night work at a secretarial school learning to write shorthand and to type, and also to spell. In addition to an eighteen-dollar-a-week job, she had a cheap one-room apartment, she bargain-hunted at noon, and went to the movies when she was lonely. She was a New York working-girl and she had a niche. The only trouble was that she didn't like it.

It was a nice romantic idea, she thought wearily drinking coffee at Childs. Expatriate returns, reforms, rejoices, writes eulogy on native land. Only I'm still homesick, and if having a job is reforming, I still don't rejoice. I've accomplished what I set out to do—to orient myself in my own country—and I'm still miserable. It must be that I was meant to keep traveling, because I don't like it here!

She threw down a dime for the waitress and walked out on to Broadway. She knew she was lying. She *did* like it here. She had fallen in love with her country, just as she should have; but with every day that passed she seemed to grow more lonely, to belong here less. She could always look up some of her old friends, but she was afraid that would mean seeing Ed and she didn't want to. She could always look up Leighton, but she didn't want to do that either. She walked along quickly because it was getting late, and stepped out blindly into the street. The lights were against her, traffic surrounded her, and suddenly she was so confused she hardly noticed when some one yanked her sharply away from a taxi and led her to the sidewalk.

"Maybe you can cross streets in Paris," a voice said, "but that's sissy traffic compared to this. You'll get yourself killed if you aren't careful."

Sylvia stared at the face that was close to hers.

"When did you get back?" Ed said. "I tried to get in touch with you a lot of times."

"I didn't go," Sylvia said. She wondered why Ed had tried to get in touch with her. "I thought I'd stay here and find out all about one country. Somebody advised that once." She looked at her watch. "My lunch hour's over," she said. "I'd better go."

Ed put out his hand. "Not yet," he said. "Please."

They stood looking at each other as if they were in a room of their own somewhere; as if they had been looking at billboards and Pullman walls and had come home. Sylvia thought, This is why I've been lonesome.

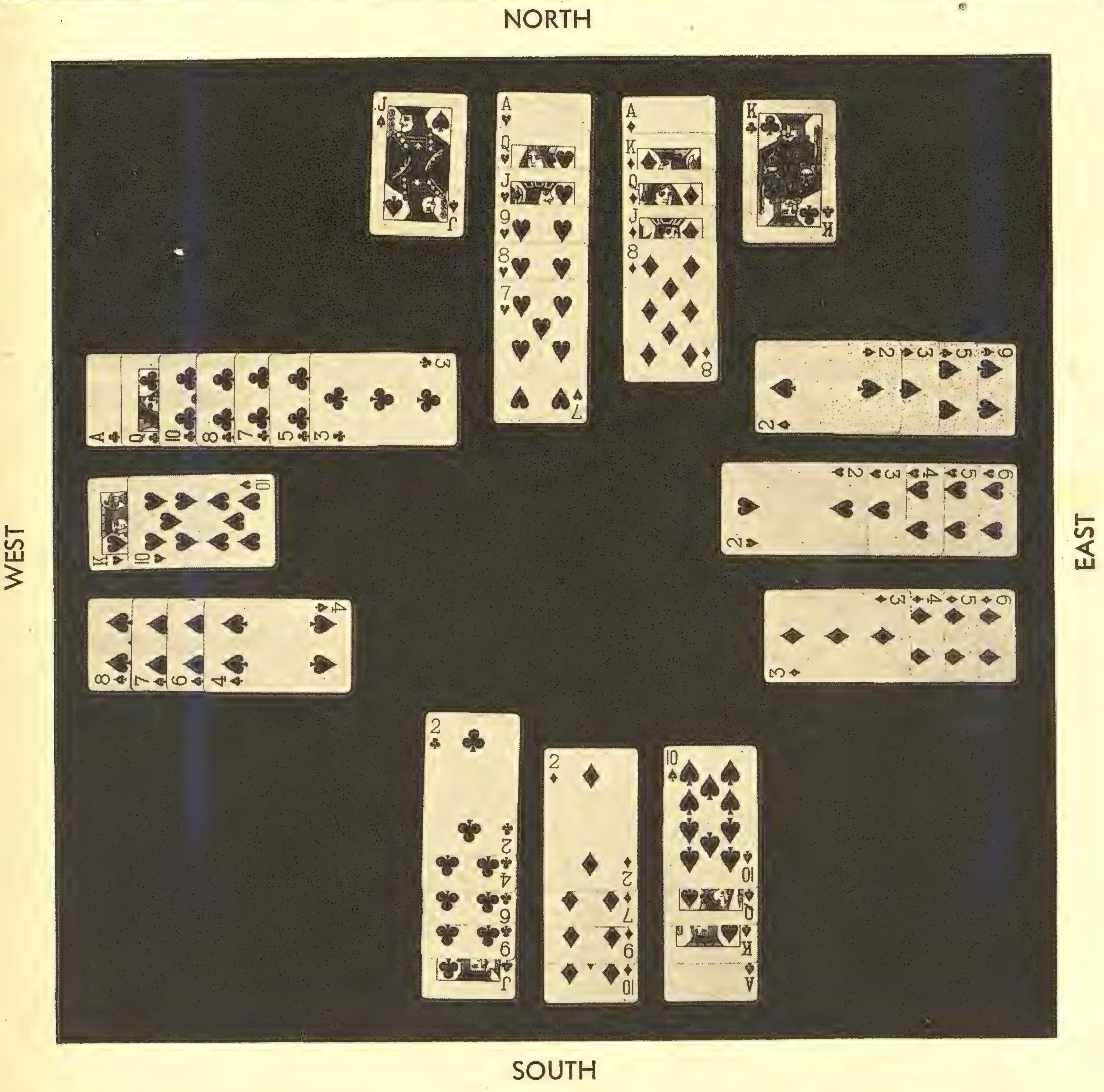
Ed said, "I keep thinking I'll get over missing you, but I never seem to."

She said, "I guess I've found out what you meant about loving a place and a person so much it breaks your heart to be away. I wish I'd never learned."

"Oh, darling!" Ed said, and when he kissed her right there on Broadway she thought, This is what they mean when they say this is my own, my native land.

THE END

COULD *You* WIN THIS HAND ?


NORTH
J ♠
A Q J 9 8 7 ♥
A K Q J 8 ♦
K ♣
WEST
A Q 10 8 7 5 3 ♣
K 10 ♥
8 7 6 4 ♠
EAST
9 5 3 2 ♠
6 5 4 3 2 ♥
6 5 4 3 ♦
SOUTH
J 9 6 4 2 ♣
10 9 7 2 ♦
A K Q 10 ♠

The hero of Sidney S. Lenz' story—Robert Eliot—by a curious twist of fate, was forced to make a slam contract to win the girl he loved. He did it, even though his opponents did not make any mistakes.

Eliot had only about ten minutes to play the hand. *You* have a week to try it over your bridge table. Can you do it?

The final declaration was six spades. West led the eight of spades, and Eliot, in south position, had to win twelve tricks.

How Eliot solved his problem and won his sweetheart will appear next week in Liberty in the short story Cupid Coups by

The Famous Bridge Maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

WHY I am Still Investigating THE LINDBERGH CASE

BY EVALYN WALSH McLEAN
with Alan Hynd

A final, candid look at some doubt-inspiring mysteries: will time ever solve them?

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

HERE, briefly, are the findings that were reported to me by Lieutenant Robert W. Hicks, the Washington criminologist whom I had told that I wanted all available facts about the body that had been identified as the Lindbergh baby's:

First of all, it would have been to the advantage of certain interests to have planted a body. The great police activity centering around the search for the Lindbergh child had seriously interfered with the enormous bootlegging industry, resulting in the seizure of many whisky trucks plying between New York and Philadelphia. And the big bootleggers were just the men who would have stopped at nothing to remove an obstacle; and the planting of a body, so that police activity would be curtailed, would have been a most logical thing for them to do.

Colonel Lindbergh was told, when he went to a Trenton morgue to make an identification, that the body of a child believed to be his was there. Therefore the Colonel went into that morgue *expecting* to find the remains of his son. Is it not possible, in view of the mental suggestion and the hysteria surrounding the whole business, that he made a most understandable mistake? There are on record other cases wherein relatives and parents have made faulty identifications, and with considerably more to go on than Lindbergh had.

It is necessary that the temperature be around 70° for many days running in order that decomposition such as was found shall occur. Examination of the weather records for the seventy-two days between the kidnaping and the finding of the body disclosed that the average temperature for March was 37°, the average for April only 49°, and the average for the twelve days of May that the body lay in the woods, 55°. Moreover, the body was found in a spot where trees shut off sunlight; therefore the temperature there would have been several degrees lower than that registered in the official weather reports. Not one of the seventy-two days averaged even close to 70°, the point necessary for steady decomposition, whereas the average for the entire month of March was only five degrees above 32°, the freezing point, at which decomposition is completely arrested.

The temperature was not the only factor pointing to the theory that the body found had been planted. Thousands upon thousands of people had traversed the very spot where the body was found. Proof of this was the trampled underbrush *under* the spot where the skeleton was discovered.

The skeleton measured thirty-three and one half inches in length, whereas measurements made shortly before the kidnaping showed the Lindbergh child to have been only twenty-nine inches tall. This difference of four and one half inches in height simply could not be denied. The most reasonable explanation was that the Lindbergh child had grown four and one half inches in death as it lay within five miles of its home, and that's not at all reasonable.

"Mrs. McLean, I wondered, also, about that shoe box."

Lieutenant Hicks obtained a sample of the hair that had been taken from the remains. He compared this with two samples of hair known to be that of the real Lindbergh baby. One of these two he obtained from Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, the baby's maternal grandmother. The other he obtained in the plumbing of the Lindbergh home, in the elbow of a pipe leading from a washstand where the baby's hairbrush had been cleaned.

The two known samples of the child's hair did not resemble that taken from the skeleton, even when allowance was made for the fact that the elements would have done certain things to the hair of a human being who had been buried for seventy-two days. The hair on the skeleton was darker in color, even when bleached to remove the discoloration caused by burial, and it was coarser.

It seemed entirely within the realm of possibility, therefore, that the skeleton found in the woods was not that of the Lindbergh baby, but that of an older child, and possibly not a male child, but a girl.

Following this report of Lieutenant Hicks, I stopped off in Trenton on my way to New York, and talked with the undertaker who had charge of the remains. I asked him if any one who knew the baby, aside from Colonel Lindbergh, had visited the morgue and made any comment leaning toward the belief that the remains in the morgue were not that of the flyer's son.

"Yes," he said; "a doctor who had frequently attended the baby and knew its characteristics well, and who last saw it ten days before it was kidnaped."

"Was the doctor called upon to testify at the trial?" I asked.

The undertaker shook his head.

"Just what," I inquired, "did you ask the doctor about the remains, and just what did he say?"

"I'll never forget it," said the undertaker. "I asked him if he was sure that what was brought here was the remains of the Lindbergh baby. He gave me a peculiar look and said, 'If you were to lay ten million dollars on that table and tell me it was mine if I said positively that this was the Colonel's son, I'd have to refuse the money. For I couldn't honestly identify this skeleton.'"

Is it any wonder, then, that there existed in my mind a serious doubt—a doubt that decided me to hear what the despised man in the death house had to say?

But I had to be sure of my ground. I would have time to find out many things before Hauptmann was to die, because the ordinary legal delays, such as the appeal, would mean that his execution wouldn't finally be set until sometime in 1936. And it was now only 1935.

The year 1935, however, was to race by like a nightmare. I will not attempt to put into chronological order the many things that happened; but I will mention some specific things which, taken together, led me to the unshakable conclusion that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

I had Lieutenant Hicks rent the apartment in the Bronx district of New York City where Hauptmann had been living when arrested. You probably remember about the shoe box containing the money, which Hauptmann said his acquaintance, Isidor Fisch, gave him to keep for him while Fisch went to Germany, and which Hauptmann said he had placed on a shelf high in a closet, where Mrs. Hauptmann in the normal course of her household duties, wouldn't come across it. All right. Let me tell you something about that shoe box.

After the New Jersey State Police had been in the Bronx apartment for some time, following Hauptmann's arrest, it was pointed out that Mrs. Hauptmann must have been blind not to have noticed that shoe box on the shelf, because the shelf was at eye level. Mrs. Hauptmann had been unable to explain this away, insisting that, while she had had occasion to go into the closet many times, she had never seen the box. She kept repeating that, after her husband's arrest, that closet shelf seemed *lower* than it had been before; but nobody paid much attention to her.

EXAMINING the closet, Lieutenant Hicks decided that the walls had been painted within about a year. He applied chemicals to the paint; and what did he find under the outer paint but marks where a shelf had once been—many inches *above* where the shelf was when the State Police got through with the apartment. When Lieutenant Hicks placed a shelf at the point where the markings were. and then placed a shoe box on the shelf, it was not possible for any one to see the box unless standing on something.

It seemed clear, then, that *some one* had altered the height of that closet shelf for *some* reason. Just what the reason could have been I do not know, and I am offering no explanation, just stating the fact as it was reported to me. But if one thing in the Hauptmann apartment was tampered with, is it not reasonable to suppose that there might be something in the charges that certain other evidence was altered, too, in order to make it fit more neatly into the sudden and unexpected charge that the Lindbergh crime was a one-man job?

Among the visitors to Friendship during 1935 was the Rev. Dr. D. G. Werner, Hauptmann's spiritual adviser. It was Dr. Werner who cleared up to my satisfaction what had always, to me, been a most incriminating point against Hauptmann—the carpenter's story of how he had accepted for safekeeping that shoe box filled with ransom money from Isidor Fisch without at least wondering what could be in the box. It had seemed to me that if one of my friends had rushed into my home before going away somewhere, and asked me to keep something for him, I would have been mighty curious as to the nature of what I was to keep. And so I asked Dr. Werner about the shoe box.

"Mrs. McLean," said the minister, whom I found to be a very wise and discerning individual, "I wondered, also, about that box. For some reason, however, the real story did not come out at the trial. Richard holds it against his lawyer, Reilly, that it was not brought out properly, but that is perhaps beside the point.

"Several days before Isidor Fisch sailed for Germany, where he later died, he began bringing things over to Richard's house for Richard to keep for him. Richard had other boxes in his house besides the shoe box with the money. The other boxes contained papers and personal belongings of various kinds, such as every one collects if he stays in one place for a considerable time. So, when Fisch came with this shoe box, Richard says he paid no particular attention to it, because it was just one of several things that he was to keep for Fisch."

I was to learn that Hauptmann's statement to the minister that he had had in his apartment other things belonging to Fisch was apparently borne out by a Department of Justice inventory of what was found in the Bronx apartment. This inventory, which Governor Hoffman obtained, listed various articles which, by the time Hauptmann was brought to trial, had somehow been mysteriously lost by the State Police.

DR. WERNER also explained to my satisfaction why Hauptmann had hidden the money in his garage after he had accidentally discovered it when a leak in the closet had caused the shoe box to fall apart.

"It was a Sunday morning when Richard discovered the money," said the minister. "Mrs. Hauptmann was out with the baby. Contrary to the picture of the Hauptmann household that was presented in the newspapers, Hauptmann was not a stern, masterful husband whose words caused his wife to tremble. If either deferred to the wishes of the other, Richard deferred to Annie's. As a matter of fact, Annie was a very excitable woman, and Richard told me that often he would hide things from her just to keep her from getting upset.

"Well, that is exactly what happened that Sunday morning when Richard found the money in the closet. He was afraid to let his wife know about it; for it he couldn't explain the presence of the money himself—and he couldn't—how would he explain it to her? And so he hid it in the garage simply to avoid family trouble."

Why had Hauptmann spent the money? Dr. Werner had an answer for that, too.

"Fisch owed Richard several thousands dollars," he said. "Richard told me he felt perfectly justified in spending a few hundred dollars of the money, for that reason. He saw that it was in gold certificates, and he knew gold certificates had been called in by President Roosevelt; but had he known that it was marked Lindbergh ransom money, would he have told the oil-station attendant to whom he paid one of the bills, 'I have plenty more like that at home'? He may have had an idea that Fisch had obtained it in some irregular way, but it is preposterous to conclude that he knew that it was Lindbergh ransom money. He had no reason, in fact, for even thinking of the money in connection with the Lindbergh crime, because, according to his story to me—and I believe him—he was not involved in the crime himself and had no reason to suppose Fisch was."

The statements of Dr. Werner are not to be set down as the beliefs of a man of God who was all too likely to place trust where it should not be placed. Dr. Werner told me that when he saw Hauptmann for the first of many times he believed the man guilty. He told Hauptmann that the latter would have to tell him everything if he expected the minister to help him, and it was only after Hauptmann had explained in such simple yet logical fashion many of the points against him that Dr. Werner became convinced of his innocence.

I am not saying that Dr. Werner was not, nevertheless, "taken in" by the prisoner. But I am saying that Hauptmann's explanations to him struck me as having more of a ring of probability than did many of the points brought out by the state at Flemington

(Continued on page 26)

Paul Jones
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(Continued from page 24)

—especially that Hauptmann was a lone wolf.

Dr. E. M. Hudson, the fingerprint expert—the man who, during the early days of the investigation, had developed hundreds of fingerprints from the kidnap ladder—came to Friendship one night with Lieutenant Hicks, and the three of us talked until almost dawn. Dr. Hudson, a most levelheaded man who had no ax to grind for either side, said that there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that the case was not completely solved.

For one thing, he was extremely puzzled by the absence of *any* fingerprints in the nursery, and this on top of the admission by Betty Gow that she had touched the crib when she bent over it to listen to little Charles' breathing—and found that he was not there!

It was from Dr. Hudson that I learned something else that only added fuel to the flames of doubt. When Hauptmann was arrested, Dr. Hudson naturally inquired of the State Police whether the German carpenter's fingerprints matched any of the hundreds found on the ladder. When he received a negative response, he said:

"Well, gentlemen, you must have the wrong man."

From that moment on, the State Police wanted no part of Dr. Hudson.

Inspector (now Chief) Harry W. Walsh of the Jersey City Police had been recognized by many observers as one of the cleverest men working on the crime in its early stages. He didn't see eye to eye with the State Police on many angles of the investigation. So I made it a point to consult a series of articles that he had written, in collaboration with Eli Ives Collins, for the Jersey Journal, before Hauptmann's arrest. What Inspector Walsh said about Violet Sharpe, the maid in the Morrow household who committed suicide rather than face further police questioning, as to her activities at the time of the crime, greatly impressed me.

"I am convinced," he said, "that Violet Sharpe deceived us, and that she did so deliberately. I am convinced that she was the informant—the agent—of the kidnapers. I believe she committed suicide in panic, fearing her guilt had been discovered, or overburdened with her guilty knowledge after news of the baby's death."

In 1935 a remarkable affidavit was made in Norfolk, Virginia, by John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk boatbuilder who had been convicted in Flemington, before Hauptmann's arrest, of having obstructed justice by being in contact with the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby and withholding certain valuable information from the authorities. As I have said, there are many who believe that the whole John Hughes Curtis story was a hoax. I am among those who believe that John Hughes Curtis actually was in contact with the kidnapers.

BEFORE I approached him I called Admiral Burrage, one of the highest ranking officers in our navy—the man who brought Lindbergh back from his flight to Paris. He said, "Mrs. McLean, I have absolute faith and confidence in John Hughes Curtis. I was with him when he first went to Hopewell, and I have been back of him all along the line whenever I could help." This sounds to me like a pretty good recommendation.

Mr. Curtis was among those who visited Friendship after my interest in the case became known. I was impressed by the story he told me. In the first place, it would have been a much more natural thing for the kidnapers to have picked out a man like him to act as intermediary than for them to have accepted an eccentric old character like Jafsie Condon. The story of John Hughes Curtis told me is one that, if he ever cares to publish it, will startle the world, I am sure. And in believing the Curtis story I was doing no more than a lot of other people, including Colonel Lindbergh himself and certain of the investigating authorities, had done. In fact, the State of New Jersey is down on record as having believed the Norfolk boatbuilder, in so far as he claims to have been in touch with the criminals, for that was the very basis of the state's case against Mr. Curtis.

So much, then, for the Curtis background and connection. And now for his affidavit, which began thus:

> This day personally before me . . . appeared John Hughes Curtis, who, being first duly sworn, deposed and said that he had information regarding Bruno Richard Hauptmann, accused of kidnaping the Lindbergh baby, and that he felt it his duty to apprise the prosecution thereof, and if required so to do, to testify in the trial; that, having had an unfortunate experience in the New Jersey courts arising out of the negotiations heretofore conducted by him, he felt that before he should submit himself to the jurisdiction of that state some vindication was due him, and that if the authorities now in charge of the prosecution believed in his good faith and would take the desired step to vindicate him, he would then immediately, or at the pleasure of the prosecution, appear before the court in the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann and testify, giving the facts regarding the defendant as follows. . . .

Then followed the Curtis story of his approach by one of the gang and his subsequent meeting with the rest of the criminals, in Norfolk, New York City, and elsewhere, during which meetings the boatbuilder certainly had ample opportunity to scrutinize the men he was dealing with. Then, in the last paragraph of the affidavit, which of course was made prior to the Hauptmann trial but which did not come into my possession until a long time afterward, Mr. Curtis said:

> I have, from pictures in the press and newsreels, satisfied myself that Bruno Richard Hauptmann and the man whom I knew as John, and met as above outlined, are *the same person.*

ALL right. There would have been some excellent testimony for the state. But Mr. Curtis was never called upon to testify. Why? Because his testimony wouldn't have fitted in with the prosecution's lone-wolf pattern?

It was all very confusing, trying to decide whether Hauptmann was innocent or guilty. According to the Norfolk man and other pretty sound testimony, Hauptmann was involved in the crime. Other things pointed to the possibility that he was innocent. But the further into the hideous mess I got, the clearer it became to me that Hauptmann had not acted alone.

You may say that the wheels of justice had turned, and that if I disagreed with the verdict I nevertheless had no business doing anything about it. My answer is that, as a taxpayer and a mother, and as an observer who saw a wave of kidnaping sweep over the country like a plague after the Lindbergh crime, I had every right to do everything in my power toward the end that the crime be *completely* solved. For, I thought, what an incentive it would be to the underworld if any one connected with the crime of the century went unpunished! I thought I would be lax in my obligations to my fellow human beings if I did not do everything I could to discourage any act that would cause any mother to go through what I had gone through with little Vinson, let alone what poor Anne Lindbergh had gone through.

If you had been in my position, with sincere people in all walks of life beating a path to your door, convincing you that men of the type who had caused you yourself years of anguish were going unpunished, would you, as an American citizen, have just sat there with your hands folded and listened, and done nothing? Especially if you had powerful connections through which you thought you could right what you believed to be a wrong?

Nor was I discouraged from going ahead, at any stage of the game, by any individual well informed about the Lindbergh case. In fact, nearly all the authorities on the case with whom I have discussed it in detail have agreed that it has not been solved.

When 1936 came, and it seemed obvious that the cards were stacked against Hauptmann, I invited to Friendship a good friend of mine—Nugent Dodds, former Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, and one of Washington's leading lawyers.

"Are you satisfied," I asked, "that the Lindbergh case is completely solved by the conviction of Hauptmann?"

"No," came the simple answer.

"Just what do you think about the Hauptmann trial?"

"It wasn't a trial. It was a courtroom lynching."

"If I can arrange it, will you see Hauptmann for me?"

"Gladly."

I phoned Governor Hoffman, asking him if he wished to consult with the former Assistant Attorney General. The Governor told me to ask Mr. Dodds to meet him at once in New York.

After conferring with the Governor, Mr. Dodds had a talk with C. Lloyd Fisher of Hauptmann's legal staff, and it was agreed that Mr. Dodds would carry the fight for Hauptmann's life to the Supreme Court, if other moves for a new trial failed. And so Mr. Dodds had several talks with Hauptmann in the death house. What the lawyer reported to me convinced me more than ever that there had been a terrible slip somewhere.

"Mrs. McLean," he said, "let me tell you one thing that man said to me when I talked with him—one thing that is more important than anything else that passed between us. I talked about the case with him, considered some points upon which to base legal action, and found him apparently bewildered and confused. But, when I was about to leave, he said:

"'Mr. Dodds, if you do not believe I am innocent, you can do me no good at all, and you might as well stop right now.'"

MR. DODDS said that Hauptmann seemed pathetically certain he would somehow escape the electric chair, that he expressed no ill will against any one, and that the thing apparently farthest from his mind was any idea as to who might have been implicated in the crime for which he faced death. The fact that Hauptmann did not attempt to fix the blame elsewhere, and his statement that if Mr. Dodds did not believe in his innocence he could do him no good, made a great impression on the lawyer and on myself.

The Supreme Court refused to review the case.

The world has spun around the sun twice since that night when an executioner's switch wrote *finis* to the Lindbergh case, so far as the State of New Jersey was concerned. But the parade of people to Friendship still continues, and even as these words are being written, a man sits in the next room—a man who has been prominently mentioned in the case from time to time—who claims to have information directly implicating a second person in the crime, and who seems to have plenty of facts with which to back up his grim allegation.

My mind continues to go back, too, to Gaston Bullock Means. How did he know that the police had given out the wrong description of the baby's sleeping suit—before such information was made public? How did he

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
GOSH, THAT MOUNTAIN LOOKS HIGH—I'M GLAD WE'RE GOING TO RIDE UP ON THE COG RAILWAY
YES, IT'S NEW ENGLAND'S HIGHEST PEAK. WE OUGHT TO GET A WONDERFUL VIEW UP THERE!
TRAILER TRIP AT MT. WASHINGTON, N.H.
OH, DAD—WE'RE NOT GOING UP ON THAT TRAIN, ARE WE? THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE'S BROKEN DOWN
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY—IT'S BUILT ON AN ANGLE TO KEEP THE BOILER LEVEL ON THE STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADES. THE CAR SEATS ARE ON AN ANGLE TOO
NOW, WE'RE PASSING OVER THE TRESTLE CALLED 'JACOB'S LADDER'—WE'LL SOON BE ABOVE THE TIMBER-LINE. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, CHUBBINS?
MY, IT'S THRILLING! SEEMS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD. B-R-R IT'S GETTING CHILLY AS NOVEMBER
WHAT A GRAND VIEW! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM CANADA TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SPREAD OUT LIKE ONE BIG MAP
YES, WE'RE FORTUNATE TO HAVE SUCH FINE, CLEAR WEATHER
ISN'T IT AMAZING, THE VIEW YOU GET FROM WAY UP HERE?
YES. DO YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY YOUR PIPE SMOKES AT THIS HEIGHT?
WHY NO, I DON'T. THE TOBACCO I USE GIVES THE SAME COOL, FULL-BODIED SMOKE ANYWHERE!
OH, PRINCE ALBERT, EH? A LOT OF MY FRIENDS SMOKE P.A. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY IT. MIND IF I BORROW SOME?
M-MM-SA-A-Y-PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES GRAND, ALL RIGHT! BY GOLLY, IMAGINE A TOBACCO BEING SO TASTY, YET SO COOL AND FREE FROM BITE. THANKS!
DON'T THANK ME. THANK THE P.A. FOLKS FOR TAKING OUT THE BITE, EVEN THOUGH THEY USE BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH
PRINCE ALBERT

Copr., 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

CLEAR TRACK AHEAD TO SMOKING JOY!—

PUT REAL JOY INTO YOUR PIPE-SMOKING SCHEDULE. P.A. ASSURES **MILDNESS** YET **RICH-BODIED** TASTE

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

IT'S SO EASY TOO, TO SPIN **NIFTY 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES** WITH PRINCE ALBERT, AND GET AROUND **70 COOL, MELLOW** SMOKES TO THE TIN

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

know that the ransom had been increased—before that information was made public? How did he know about the entrance of Jafsie into the case before the police gave out that information, and how did he know what would happen to Jafsie's negotiations—before it happened? And how did it happen that Means told me about the gang at Norfolk at the same time when John Hughes Curtis was telling Lindbergh and the police the same story?

My only answer is that Gaston Means, as he lies today, a stricken man, in a federal prison hospital, must be thinking of things which, were they known, would go a long way toward clearing up the Lindbergh mystery.

Is it any wonder, then, that I shall continue to use any resources at my command to investigate the Lindbergh case further? Stranger things have happened than another arrest in this case would be. Stranger things, too—but perhaps not much stranger—have happened than the Lindbergh baby turning up somewhere, some day, alive, to claim his family and his inheritance. If the boy still lives, he will always have proof of his identity, so long as he has two hands, or even one. For Lieutenant Hicks obtained for me a complete set of the baby's fingerprints from its toys and a second-floor banister that it frequently grasped.

Whatever became of the hundred and four thousand dollars? That is a question I am often asked, but I don't know the answer. I think that Means has it hidden away somewhere, and that he alone knows where it is.

Certainly I want to get the money back if I can. As a matter of fact, just a few months ago a Washington newspaper got a tip that the money was hidden in the grounds of the home Means formerly rented in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Accompanied by Washington police and one of my lawyers, I went out to the property, but was unable to make the kind of search necessary, which would have entailed tearing down at least the garage, without the consent of the owner of the place. Understandably enough, the owner said I could do all the searching and tearing down I wanted to do—if I bought the property. I didn't want to throw good money after bad, especially since I had no assurance that the money was actually hidden there.

So that's where the matter of the money stands. I'll certainly investigate any good tip as to its whereabouts—for I could *certainly* use that money today.

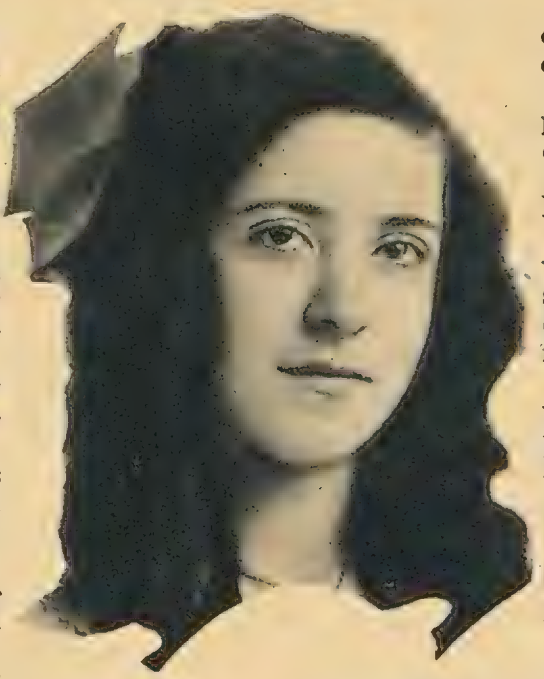
And so I have told you my story. Perhaps you still think me a foolish, meddlesome woman. If you do, that can't be helped. But if I had this to do all over again, I would do it. For the following beautiful quotation so clearly expresses my feeling about our journey through life:

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

THE END

Treet Topics
YOUR MOTHER COULD~
BUT WHOSE DAUGHTER WOULD?
SO GRAB A THIN DIME~
C'MERE!
DO THIS
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
Treet
SINGLE-EDGE BLADES
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS
Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

QUESTIONS 20



1—This week's early photo is of a network nitwit who married Georgie-Porgie. Can you identify her?

2—Who built the Hanging Gardens of Babylon?

3—What is the real name of the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics?

4—What is a briefer way of saying two thousand thousands?

5—Acetylsalicylic acid is often taken as a remedy for what kind of an ache?

6—What is the largest county in the United States?

7—Which of its glands does a crying baby overwork?

8—What line precedes the following: "Make me a child again just for tonight"?

9—Who won the historic duel which Hamilton lost?

10—What is the usual penalty unfaithful wives in Waziristan, India, must endure?

11—Which famous aviator is the nephew of which renowned novelist?

12—The famed bridle path of Hyde Park, London, is called what?

13—Who was the Lady with the Lamp?

14—How many feet would a flag travel on a sixty-foot pole to be correstly raised at half-mast?

15—Which heavyweight champion retired after beating Tom Heeney?

16—Are firedogs broiled and split sausages, canines that are mascots to fire departments, or andirons?

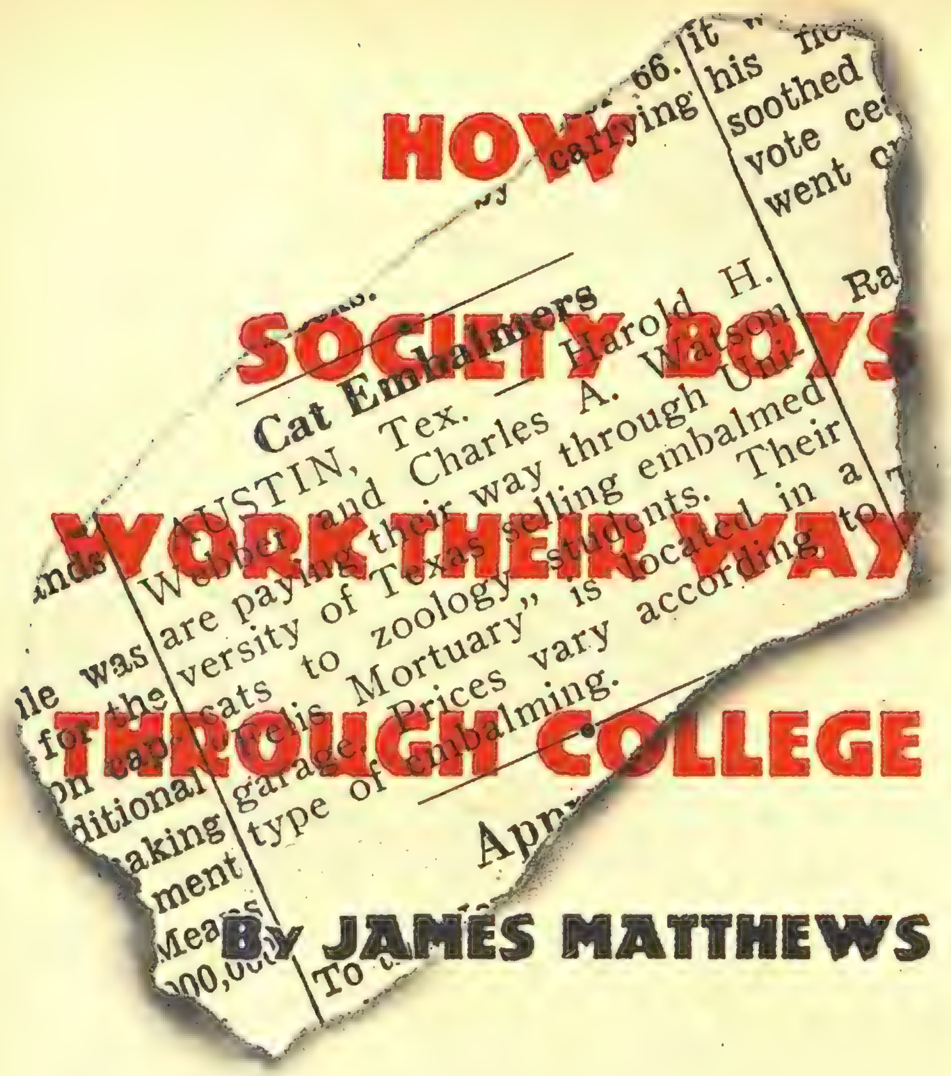
17—Which small fish carries its skeleton on the outside of its body?

18—Who is President of Mexico?

19—The letters in the word *alignment* may be rearranged to form what other nine-letter word?

20—Who was Sally in the picture Sally, Irene, and Mary?

(Answers will be found on page 47)



Cat Embalmers

AUSTIN, Tex.—Harold H. Webber and Charles A. Watson are paying their way through University of Texas selling embalmed cats to zoology students. Their "Felis Mortuary" is located in a garage. Prices vary according to type of embalming.

HOW SOCIETY BOYS WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

BY JAMES MATTHEWS

An eye-opener for all who say youth today lacks courage and enterprise!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Here's another striking case in point—a recent news dispatch: "AUSTIN, TEX.—Harold H. Webber and Charles A. Watson are paying their way through the University of Texas selling cats to zoology students. Their 'Felis Mortuary' is located in a garage. Prices vary according to type of embalming."

OF the two million boys and girls who this month start classes in American universities and colleges, nearly half will be faced with a gnawing problem —economics. How can they meet their college bills?

Is there any way a student can earn his way through college? The answer is "Yes." More than forty per cent of them today earn at least part of their own expenses. Aristocrat and rank-and-filer alike have ceased to be ashamed to do this.

Furthermore, these youths have been able to devise most ingenious new jobs and ways of earning money in spare time.

Take, for instance, the boy at Princeton who, just at the close of his freshman year, was told by his mother, a New York dowager: "You'll have to leave college. Our money is—almost gone."

"I've got to finish," he said.

She sighed. "You can't pay your college bills with your blue blood," she said quietly.

But that is precisely what he did. Telling no one of his plans, he went to one of New York's largest hospitals. In due course a letter from the hospital reached him. It informed him that he had been placed on the list of professional blood donors used in transfusions, at twenty-five dollars a transfusion.

He had to take other jobs in addition, of course. But he earned most by selling his blood.

A boy in Massachusetts Institute of Technology earned his expenses tasting milk for a large Cambridge dairy. For four years, sip by sip, he drank more than a quart and a half of milk a day in this fashion.

A mother gave her Yale freshman son two goldfish for Christmas, to decorate his college room. Then suddenly the family fortune was gone. The straw this boy clutched at was fantastic. Suppose—suppose he could teach the goldfish to do tricks! A trained-animal act—with goldfish as the animals!

With the utmost secrecy he set to work on them. He never revealed exactly what methods he used. Within a month the two fish, Betsy and Wetsy, would come to the surface when their names were called. They would jump through hoops. And he even taught them to dance a little waltz together, nose to nose.

Engagements were easy. He appeared at parties and dances of society folk. The goldfish not only paid his way through college but sent him forth with a profit in his pocket.

In California, one of Leland Stanford's most brilliant students pasted on the door of his room a small sign: CYRANO KNOWS. COME ON IN. Inside, he set up a small business of writing letters and poems to be used by lovesick classmates. You may not believe it, but the business flourished.

One of the latest profitable quirks of the girls is knitting. Sweaters and suits and other knitted pieces bring good prices. At Radcliffe College, President Ada Comstock was recently compelled to issue an edict forbidding girls to knit during classes.

One girl at Vassar set up a beauty-parlor business in her dormitory room. At bargain prices, she waved her classmates' hair, "did" their nails, even gave them a special facial with her own mud pack.

College students who are on probation have to attend all their classes. A "sitter" is another student who takes the place in class of the one on probation. The classes are usually so large that the monitors, who do the checking up, don't know the boys personally. All the sitter has to do is be in class so that the one on probation gets marked present. Fee is fifty cents a sitting.

A boy at the University of Virginia earned his expenses by reading mystery stories and scratching backs. He began in a small way. An elderly and wealthy widow who lived near the college loved mystery stories, and her back itched. So she applied at the university for a "companion." This boy went out and purchased a long back-scratcher. And every afternoon, from two to four, he read to the lady and scratched when so required. So skillful did he become that soon he had several clients.

Latest innovation at Harvard is the baby-carriage pusher. Boys training for careers in child psychology decided this would help them in their work, and today the Harvard "nursemaids" are a familiar sight along the river Charles. Besides, many of the better folk of Cambridge have dogs which need airings late at night. Twenty-five cents an airing is the fee.

The "guinea pig" serves as human subject for the experiments conducted by professors in their laboratories. He may be required even to risk his life. One of our larger universities set up what was known as a Fatigue Laboratory. Student guinea pigs were made to run on treadmills several hours daily, and blood tests were taken hourly. Eventually the scientists turned their attention to that deadly gas, carbon monoxide. The "guinea pigs" had to sit in rooms into which the gas was slowly poured through a rubber pipe. Tests of the blood were taken every ten minutes. Two students served in the tests as well as three of the professors themselves. One of the professors afterward declared it was not half as dangerous as it sounded.

Altogether, the college boys and girls of today have shown papa behind the desk that the younger generation can take it.

THE END

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Sudden drama breaks, and the climax draws near in a vivid, exciting novel

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN Leslie Cameron's husband, Bert, former Special Prosecutor, has been missing for seven years, his ex-law partner, Harley Pitt, who is in love with her, urges her to have him declared legally dead. Instead, she and Philip Ranney, the present Special Prosecutor, start a new and secret search. It leads them to Miami, where Arlene Bray, an entertainer, is singing under the name of Helen Lunden.

Arlene is the woman who dined with Bert the night he vanished. She swore seven years ago—and she swears now—that she had never seen him before; that he met her to question her about a racket. But Leslie and Ranney believe she is hiding something, and when they get a clue to the whereabouts of her sister Margaret, whom she has seemed anxious to keep hidden, they fly to New Mexico to see her. On the way they are almost kidnaped by the hired thugs of Frederick Novack, a racketeer against whom Bert was collecting evidence before his disappearance.

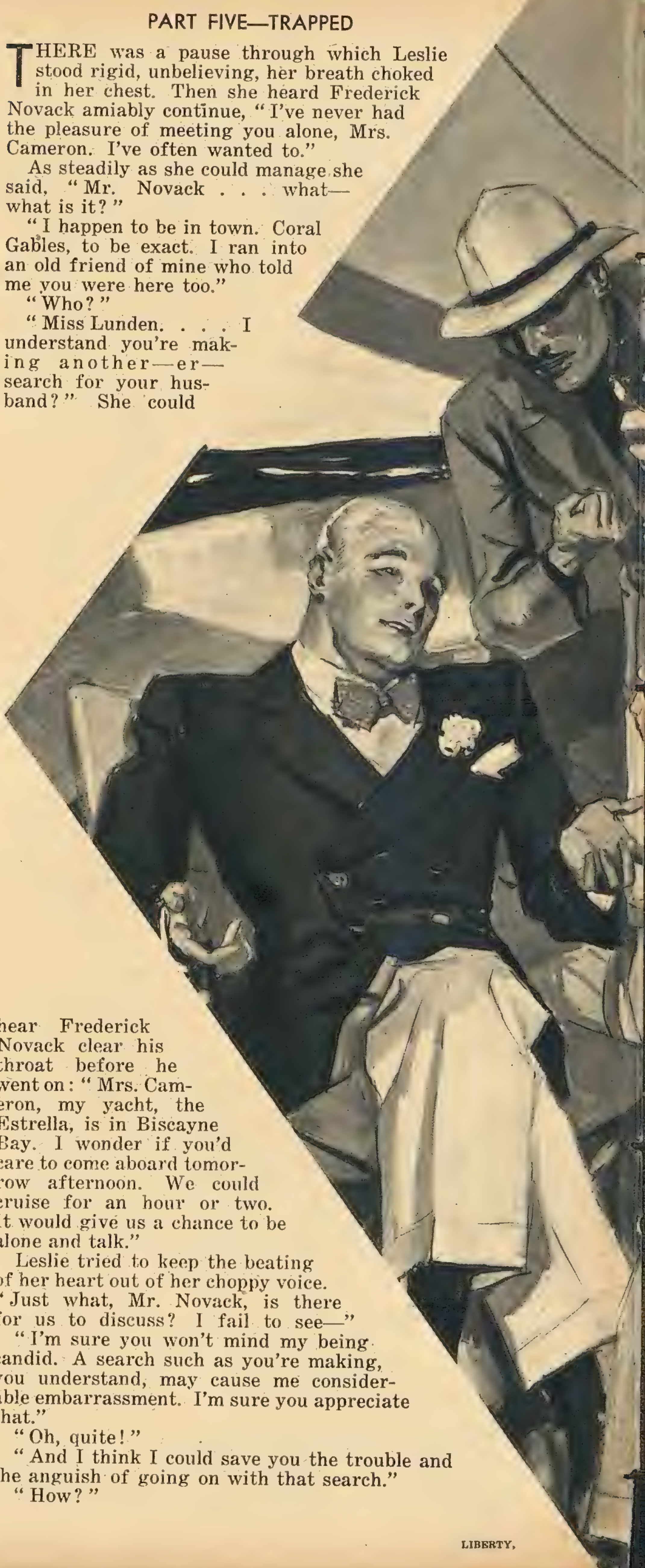
They visit Margaret Roake, and she says she never heard of Arlene Bray. Ranney asks to see her husband, who he and Leslie suspect may be Bert. She calls him without hesitation. He is not Bert, and he denies knowing Arlene.

Discouraged, they return to their inn—to discover that they have been tricked! Tom Roake, they find out, is laid up with a broken leg. The man they saw was the hired hand.

By the time they get to the Roake farm again, the birds have flown. Ranney puts police on their trail and leaves Leslie reluctantly—for he is in love with her—to go back to New York. Leslie returns to Miami to question Arlene (Helen Lunden) again. This time the woman tells a different story. She still says she knows nothing about Bert, but confides that her sister's husband has been hiding from the police for years; that is the reason she did not want Margaret investigated. She begs Leslie to call off her search for Bert because it may lead to the discovery of Tom and the ruin of Margaret's life.

Leslie leaves her, not sure even now that the truth has been told. When she arrives at her hotel, Harley Pitt is there. While she is dressing, the telephone rings and an unfamiliar voice says over the wire, "I wonder if you remember me. This is Frederick Novack."

PART FIVE—TRAPPED



THERE was a pause through which Leslie stood rigid, unbelieving, her breath choked in her chest. Then she heard Frederick Novack amiably continue, "I've never had the pleasure of meeting you alone, Mrs. Cameron. I've often wanted to."

As steadily as she could manage she said, "Mr. Novack . . . what—what is it?"

"I happen to be in town. Coral Gables, to be exact. I ran into an old friend of mine who told me you were here too."

"Who?"

"Miss Lunden. . . . I understand you're making another—er—search for your husband?" She could hear Frederick Novack clear his throat before he went on: "Mrs. Cameron, my yacht, the Estrella, is in Biscayne Bay. I wonder if you'd care to come aboard tomorrow afternoon. We could cruise for an hour or two. It would give us a chance to be alone and talk."

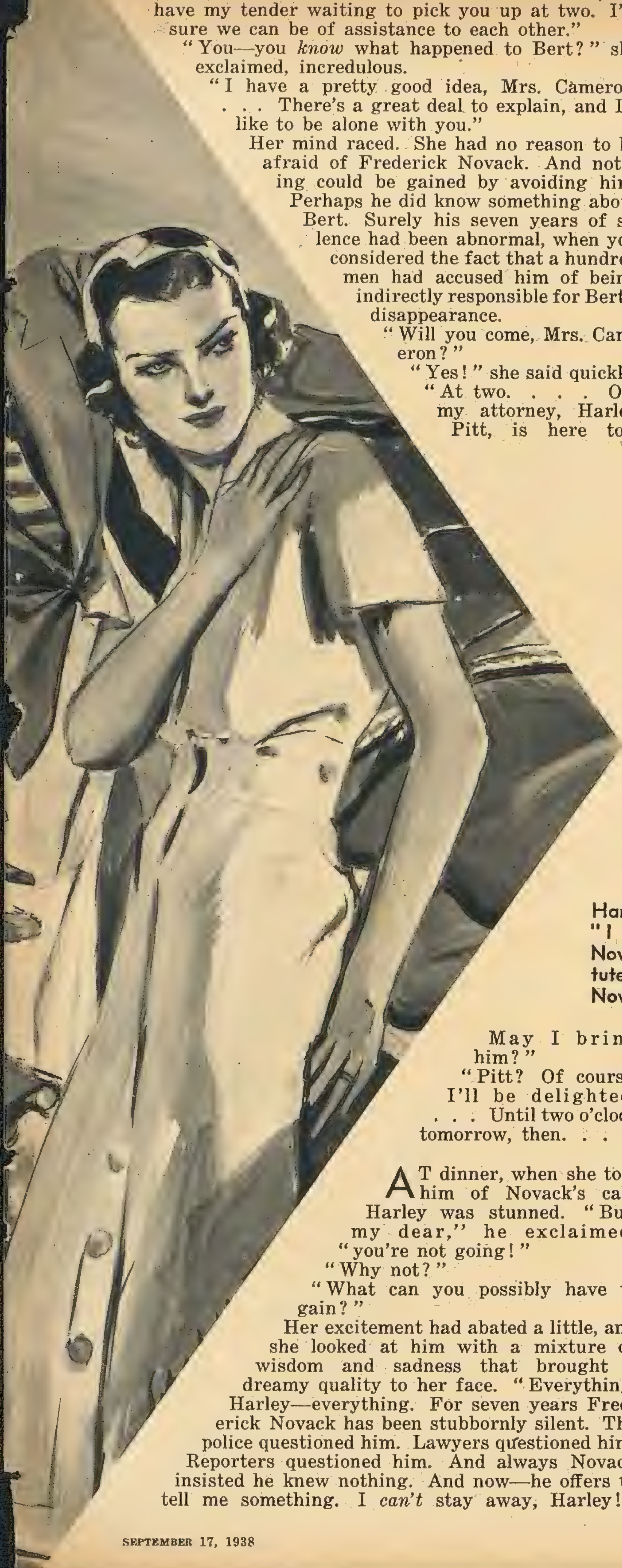
Leslie tried to keep the beating of her heart out of her choppy voice. "Just what, Mr. Novack, is there for us to discuss? I fail to see—"

"I'm sure you won't mind my being candid. A search such as you're making, you understand, may cause me considerable embarrassment. I'm sure you appreciate that."

"Oh, quite!"

"And I think I could save you the trouble and the anguish of going on with that search."

"How?"



Harley was flushed now. "I suppose you realize, Novack, that this constitutes kidnaping!" At that Novack laughed easily.

"It's too long a story to go into over the phone. But if you care to talk it over tomorrow afternoon, I'll have my tender waiting to pick you up at two. I'm sure we can be of assistance to each other."

"You—you *know* what happened to Bert?" she exclaimed, incredulous.

"I have a pretty good idea, Mrs. Cameron. . . . There's a great deal to explain, and I'd like to be alone with you."

Her mind raced. She had no reason to be afraid of Frederick Novack. And nothing could be gained by avoiding him. Perhaps he did know something about Bert. Surely his seven years of silence had been abnormal, when you considered the fact that a hundred men had accused him of being indirectly responsible for Bert's disappearance.

"Will you come, Mrs. Cameron?"

"Yes!" she said quickly. "At two. . . . Oh, my attorney, Harley Pitt, is here too. May I bring him?"

"Pitt? Of course. I'll be delighted. . . . Until two o'clock tomorrow, then. . . ."

AT dinner, when she told him of Novack's call, Harley was stunned. "But, my dear," he exclaimed, "you're not going!"

"Why not?"

"What can you possibly have to gain?"

Her excitement had abated a little, and she looked at him with a mixture of wisdom and sadness that brought a dreamy quality to her face. "Everything, Harley—everything. For seven years Frederick Novack has been stubbornly silent. The police questioned him. Lawyers questioned him. Reporters questioned him. And always Novack insisted he knew nothing. And now—he offers to tell me something. I *can't* stay away, Harley!"

"But why on his yacht? Why doesn't he come here?"

"He said he wanted privacy."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?"

That left Harley Pitt nonplused. Whatever doubts he had were inarticulate. Clearly, he himself had no wish to visit the Estrella. Just as clearly, however, he had no intention of allowing Leslie to go aboard the yacht alone.

So he was with her at two the following afternoon when a tender sped them across the blue waters of Biscayne Bay to the graceful white vessel that was Frederick Novack's delight.

A thickset, powerful figure, his silvery hair gleaming in the sunshine, Novack awaited them on deck. A pleasant smile played on his fleshy red face. A yachting cap was in his left hand, and his right was extended in greeting as they came up the ladder.

"So good of you to come, Mrs. Cameron. And you too, Pitt. The last time we met, I believe, was at the board meeting of the Arrencort Construction Company."

"Yes," Pitt said shortly, frowning.

Novack allowed his gaze to feast on Leslie with unconcealed admiration. She looked slim and well—remarkably well—in the trim white sports dress she had put on for this occasion. She had tied a blue bandeau around her hair, and she appeared to be closer to nineteen than twenty-seven.

Novack led them to the after deck, where they sank into canvas chairs under a striped awning. As a steward brought mint juleps the Estrella started gliding down the bay.

Frederick Novack, having offered Harley a cigar, lit one himself. White-clad legs crossed, he seemed completely at ease.

Leslie began tautly, "About my husband—"

"First, Mrs. Cameron, I think it might be wise to become better acquainted, don't you?" He smiled. "We hardly know each other. I suspect you've always thought of me as some sort of—" The smile became deprecating. "Ogre, shall we say?"

"An enigma would be nearer the truth."

At that he laughed. "At least you're frank."

Harley put in, "Look here, Novack; if you have anything to tell Mrs. Cameron—"

"You're her attorney, I understand?"

"Yes!"

"Then I suppose it's quite all right for Mr. Pitt to sit in on this?" He regarded Leslie dubiously. "Or shall we ask him to excuse us?"

"I can't see anything to hide from him."

"As you prefer." Novack studied his cigar. Sunlight reflected from the water shimmered on his polished cheeks. There was a delightful breeze as the yacht slid down the bay. The striped awning flapped over them loudly. Within a few minutes the Estrella would cleave her way into open seas.

"Mrs. Cameron," began Frederick Novack, "there are several things I should like to tell you about myself. Perhaps I can clarify this—enigma." There was amusement in the way he said it. "You know, whenever a man manages to make a considerable amount of money, thousands are ready to point at him with wild accusations. Please don't misunderstand me; I'm not trying to whitewash myself. One doesn't make money without fighting. But I've always tried to fight honestly."

He stopped, perhaps expecting her to make some comment. But Leslie, the mint julep forgotten in her hand, ankles crossed, leaned back in the deck chair and watched him narrowly in silence.

"I've been accused of doing a great many impossible things," he went on. "Most of the accusations were ridiculous. I have been charged, for instance, with making a fortune by swindling the city of New York. That's absurd. No man could go on for years cheating a city without being caught at it. Every now and then somebody, fired by civic indignation, has picked me as a target and hurled all sorts of nonsense at me. Seven years ago, Mrs. Cameron, your husband too had the idea that I ought to be investigated."

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Finest for Fountain Pens
CARTER'S
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CARTER'S INK
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ink

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Leslie sipped a little of her julep, then lowered the glass. "Is all this quite necessary, Mr. Novack?"

"Quite. I'd like you to see me in a more charitable light. Vanity, maybe. Or a natural rebellion against an unjust reputation."

"All this, I suppose, is by way of preamble to the assertion that you were in no way responsible for my husband's disappearance; that you knew nothing about it."

"On the contrary," Frederick Novack answered simply. "I knew everything about it."

Somehow Leslie Cameron prevented herself from sitting up with a gasp. She stiffened. She stared. She put the tall glass down.

"You—you *knew?*" she whispered.

Harley Pitt's dark face was stupefied. "If you knew," he flung out hoarsely, "and for seven years allowed Mrs. Cameron to go through this hell of doubt and torture—why, that constitutes—"

"Pitt, don't become legal. Don't tell me I'm liable to something or other." Novack sounded weary. "I'm not asking advice."

"Is my husband alive?" The question broke from Leslie sharply. She watched Novack with harrowed intensity.

"No," he said. "He died three years ago—in Havana."

"Three years ago!"

Instead of replying, Novack peered off across the scintillant waters of the bay. By this time the yacht was nosing its way into blue seas, over long swells. It was a brilliant day, perfect for a cruise.

Leslie, pale, looked at nothing except Frederick Novack. She struggled to keep her voice steady.

"You knew that," she repeated, "and—you didn't tell!"

NOVACK elevated cryptic brows. "Frankly, Mrs. Cameron, I'm not quite sure why I'm telling you now, unless it's to avoid having the case reopened."

"But *how* did you know?" cried Harley Pitt. "You realize, of course, that your knowledge implies criminal—"

"Pitt, I know exactly what my knowledge implies," the gray-haired man rapped out. "And I needn't tell you that what we discuss here is in complete confidence. If you were to charge me with it in public, I'd deny every word. You see, Mrs. Cameron, I'm being quite candid."

"I appreciate that."

"What I say to you is said without witnesses. That was one of the reasons I wanted you to come on board the Estrella. I'm telling you the truth. But I must add that if I'm ever challenged with it ashore, I'll deny every word as absurd."

"Go on, please!"

"You will remember, Mrs. Cameron, that during the month before his disappearance your husband converted a great many securities into cash. He also drew a considerable amount of money from his bank. Those things were never satisfactorily explained, were they?"

"No."

"I can assure you that what the police suspected was quite true. Your husband *planned* to disappear. He wanted to get away from New York. That's why he prepared for it financially. I know, because he came to me about a week before he vanished. His visit was in the nature of—blackmail."

Leslie sat furious, pallid, words of denial clamoring to be uttered.

"He came to me one evening," declared Novack, "and told me he'd discovered a great many awkward matters concerning the way I conducted my business. He said that as a public prosecutor he intended to reveal them. But he said also that for fifty thousand dollars he would keep them quiet."

"THAT," flatly said Leslie, "isn't true!"

"I give you my word, Mrs. Cameron, that it is. Why should I be making revelations of this sort—revelations which really vilify me—unless they're true?"

"I don't know! All I know is that Bert never—"

Frederick Novack shrugged. "I can tell you only the facts."

She caught Harley Pitt's angry eye. She swallowed with some effort, then nodded jerkily to Novack. "Go on, please."

He paused to relight his cigar. It wasn't until he had thrown another match overboard that he proceeded. "I won't deny there are certain aspects of my life which I'd prefer to keep hidden. All of us have skeletons in our closets. Your husband, I gathered from what he said, had opened one of my closet doors." Novack smiled cynically. "After considerable deliberation it struck me that it might be worth fifty thousand to keep him silent."

"You paid him?" burst from Harley.

"Yes, I paid him. That was a week before his disappearance. I gave him the money in cash."

"So that was why you denied all knowledge—"

"Of course. What else could I do? Admit to the police that I'd bribed a Special Prosecuting Attorney?"

The challenge made Harley Pitt sink back as though something in him had been crushed. He fixed a haggard stare on the deck and was silent.

"You will understand, Mrs. Cameron," Novack continued, "that after I'd paid him fifty thousand dollars I was intensely interested in your husband's movements. I had no means of being certain, you see, that he wouldn't double-cross me. So I had a couple of private detectives follow him. They gave me daily reports. That last night, when he left the restaurant, he went straight to the Pennsylvania Station. He had two grips checked there. He boarded a train south. He went as far as Jacksonville. There he got a boat to Cuba. He reached Havana with a considerable amount of money—close to a quarter of a million in cash, I should say. I don't know how many other men he'd blackmailed. For four years he lived near Havana under an assumed name. A peaceful life, a quiet life—shared by a woman who'd waited for him in Jacksonville."

Leslie rose, trembling and colorless. Her eyes were fiery. Chokingly she said: "He—he wouldn't have done that to me!"

Again Frederick Novack shrugged, his equanimity in no way disturbed. "My dear Mrs. Cameron, I can tell you only what my men reported. It cost me a great deal, believe me, to keep those two fellows quiet during the police investigation. I had no desire to be embarrassed by the revelation that I'd given your husband fifty thousand dollars. I preferred to let him remain in hiding. It was, after all, his own idea. Why should I interfere? From time to time, of course, I checked on his movements. In 1935—early in February—Herbert Cameron died. I don't know what happened after that to the woman who'd lived with him. She left Cuba after his death with, I suppose, whatever was left of his money. He—" Frederick Novack stopped as the deck steward appeared under the awning. "Yes?"

"Beg pardon, sir. Captain Howell asks whether he can have a word with you."

"In a moment." As the steward left, Novack rose, adjusted his cap against the wind. He smiled pleasantly from Leslie to Harley Pitt. "You'll excuse me, won't you? My story is practically finished, anyhow."

THE Estrella, now some two miles offshore, cleaved into lazy blue swells at leisurely speed. She passed a sailboat whose occupants waved and wondered, perhaps, why the woman in white who stood at the yacht's rail failed to respond. Certainly she was looking straight at them.

The truth of it was that Leslie scarcely saw the boat. She had gone to the rail and, gripping it hard, was gazing with wide eyes at the horizon. Even the wind that beat upon her, tearing at her skirt and her hair, couldn't clear her confusion.

Was Frederick Novack's story fiction designed only to stop her search for Bert? Yet why should the man have troubled to invent such a lie? Why should he deliberately have involved himself, as a payer of blackmail, unless it were an unavoidable truth? That was the part she couldn't understand—Frederick Novack's admitting he had paid fifty thousand dollars as a bribe.

She perceived, of course, that it was a confession to which he couldn't be held in court. No doubt he had given the whole matter careful thought before inviting her aboard the Estrella. Novack was not the sort of man who would deliberately lay himself open to danger.

"Velvet
..you've sold me
on smoking a pipe"
Velvet
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Better smoking tobacco

Velvet

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

She stood staring at the sea until Harley Pitt, tense and strained, came to her side. "I guess," he said hoarsely, "this answers all your questions."

"Did you believe him, Harley?"

"Oh, he's telling the truth, all right. There'd be no point to his lying."

"Why didn't he tell me long ago?"

"There was never any need for it. Now Novack feels, as many of us do, that it would be tragic to have the case reopened. That's why he's trying to stop you. He's counting on your wanting to hush the matter."

Novack returned then, grave yet affable, his cigar between his fingers. Leslie at once faced him.

"I wish you'd turn back," she said. "I—I've had enough. There doesn't seem to be anything more to say."

"But, my dear Mrs. Cameron," he protested, "we've just started."

"I'm sorry. Please!"

Lifting a brow a bit quizzically, Novack peered across the sea. "This is going to be difficult," he murmured. "I don't know exactly how to say it. Perhaps the blunt way, if you'll forgive me, will be best." He hesitated. "We're not going back to shore, Mrs. Cameron. Not for several days."

Stunned, Leslie neither spoke nor moved. She gaped at the man. It was Harley Pitt, recovering his breath first, who demanded, "What the devil are you talking about?"

"We're cruising south. Captain Howell tells me we'll find calm waters off the Keys. We'll anchor." The color in Harley's face deepened with anger; but before he could utter another word Novack said: "I'll make your stay on the Estrella as pleasant as possible. If you care to try your hand at sailfish or tarpon, Mrs. Cameron, I'll put the launch at your disposal. . . . We'll be back in Miami in about a week."

Her voice tight, Leslie asked, "Would you mind telling me why you're doing this?"

"I wish I could take you into my confidence, Mrs. Cameron, but I can't. Not in this case."

"You simply want to keep me at sea for a week?"

"Possibly less."

Harley was darkly flushed now. His voice was thick with rage. "I suppose you realize, Novack, that this constitutes kidnaping!"

At that Novack laughed easily. "Nonsense, Pitt. Don't be so dramatic. Suppose we call it practical joke." He leaned back to rest his elbows on the rail. "We really could make this a very pleasant week, you know. The weather is perfect. I have an excellent chef aboard, and you'll find the Estrella comfortable."

"When we get back to shore," raged Harley Pitt, "I intend to—"

"Accuse me of kidnaping? Forget it. You and Mrs. Cameron came on board voluntarily. You were not forced. As to my keeping you at sea—I repeat, it's a practical joke. That, at any rate, is what I shall tell any one who cares to inquire." He swung his eyes to Leslie. "Your cabin is ready, Mrs. Cameron. There is a stewardess who'll do everything possible to make you at home. Please ask for anything you care to have. I want you to consider the Estrella your own."

She said stiffly, "You realize, of course, that when we don't return to the hotel the management will report it to the police. There'll be an investigation."

Novack was not at all perturbed. "The matter of the hotel occurred to me before we sailed," he admitted. "You must forgive me, Mrs. Cameron. I took the liberty of telegraphing your hotel over your signature. I explained that you wished the room kept for you while you cruised with some friends. I did the same for you, Pitt." Frederick Novack took off his cap and sent the palm of his hand sliding back over his silvery hair. "Please don't be panicky about this. Nothing in the world is going to happen to you, except that you'll be kept at sea. . . . May I order you another drink, Mrs. Cameron?"

LESLIE found it difficult during the next hour to understand her own icy calmness. Seated under the flapping awning on the after deck, she appeared to accept her predicament with resignation that bordered on fatalism. True, she was pale and her eyes held stormy resentment, but her manner remained poised.

Harley Pitt, too, regained his customary stiff reserve. But he was too incensed against Novack to sit quietly. Watching him pace the deck, Leslie reflected that a week at sea would be a much more serious matter for Harley than for herself. He had, after all, to return to his office in New York. He had been planning to stay in Miami three or four days at most.

Once more Frederick Novack had left them alone. The Estrella, cutting gaily into blue seas, was still heading south, though now and then she changed her course—always, Leslie noticed, in order to avoid too close contact with any passing craft. No doubt Captain Howell had his orders to prevent the possibility of hailing other boats.

"This," declared Harley, his voice shaking, "is the most highhanded business I've ever heard of!"

Leslie was peering introspectively across the glistening water.

"What puzzles me about it," she said, "is its absolute—inconsistency."

"Inconsistency with what? Do you mean to say," he demanded with profound sarcasm, "that you consider Frederick Novack too much the gentleman to do anything like this?"

Instead of answering, she asked a question of her own: "Harley, did you really believe what he told us about Bert?"

"I didn't *like* to believe it, of course; but it sounded reasonable."

"Still, what he's doing now is altogether inconsistent with what he told us," she maintained. "If Bert is dead, what possible reason could Novack have to hold us at sea? With Bert dead, it's all a matter of the past. This is quite pointless. I think, Harley, that the whole story about Havana was a lie!"

Harley paused in his pacing to regard her in wonder.

"More than ever," she went on, her tones fervent, "I'm sure Bert's alive! We must have been getting too close to him. Novack must have feared that if I stayed in Miami during the next few days I'd even have a chance to *see* Bert! And he didn't want that to happen. That's why he's keeping us away. What other reason could there possibly be?"

To this Harley Pitt had no immediate reply. He went to the rail. He stood squinting keenly at the shore some four miles away. And he had been there several minutes when Leslie suddenly gasped, "Harley! Have you a fountain pen? A pencil?"

He looked around with a start, "I have a pencil. Why?"

With a quick movement of her head she indicated the life preservers stowed in the rack behind her.

FREDERICK NOVACK rejoined them half an hour later. With his yachting cap perched jauntily on his gray hair, he looked genial, handsome, and in excellent spirits. To his surprise, he found both his guests apparently enjoying the cruise.

"Glad to see you're taking it so sensibly, Mrs. Cameron. I promise you'll have no discomfort."

She answered, with a smile that was amused and infinitely tolerant, "I'm quite happy, Mr. Novack, because I'm sure you'll put us ashore today."

"I can't share your confidence, I'm afraid."

"Look. Can you by any chance still see that motorboat over there? . . . Near shore?"

Frederick Novack turned in his seat to scrutinize the sea. Miles away he did discern the bobbing speck.

"What about it?" he asked.

"Your captain did his best not to come too close to it. That was almost half an hour ago. Mr. Pitt and I waved to them—oh, frantically. Mr. Pitt even took off his coat and used it as a sort of flag."

Novack began to frown. "Well?"

"Naturally, we attracted the motorboat's attention. It was quite a distance away—half a mile, I should say—but its occupants waved back to us. And then, when we were sure they were watching, we threw a life belt overboard."

Leslie spoke quite casually. She pointed to the empty space in the bracket behind her. Turning, Frederick Novack half rose, parted his lips, then sank back stiffly. As he gripped the arms of his chair his shrewd eyes swerved to her with a mingling of suspicion and admiration.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Cameron," he said, "for underestimating you. . . . I suppose the motorboat picked up the life preserver?"

"Oh, yes. We saw them get it. After they read what I'd written on the life belt they waved an acknowledgment. Then they headed straight for shore. I think they're much too close to land, Mr. Novack, to be overtaken now."

"No doubt." His voice was strained. "May I ask what you wrote on the life preserver?"

"The obvious thing. That we were being held on this yacht as prisoners. I asked the people in the motorboat to notify the police ashore. I imagine we'll be stopped by a government cutter in an hour or two. Unless, of course, you decide to turn back immediately."

There was silence. It was Harley Pitt who ended it, his words crisp, his eyes flaring:

"After that, Novack, it'll be pretty difficult to explain this as a practical joke. Once a government cutter comes alongside, we can demand to be taken ashore. I don't see how you can hold us."

Frederick Novack, queerly pale, sat unstirring. His glance shifted from Leslie to the lawyer and back again. His hands curled more tightly around the arms of his chair. A full minute passed before he relaxed and permitted himself a twisted smile. Without otherwise moving, he tilted his head to call: "Steward!"

The deck steward came at once, saluted.

"Tell Captain Howell," directed Novack, "that I've changed my mind. I'd like to put back for Biscayne Bay at once."

"Very good, sir."

Novack brought his tiny eyes to focus on Leslie. "Odd," he observed, "how we sometimes overlook the simplest details."

"I don't suppose you'd care to tell me," asked Leslie, "why you wanted to keep us at sea?"

"You're right, Mrs. Cameron." Frederick Novack rose. "It's a matter I don't care to discuss at all." He started away; but just before he left them he finished, "I'm rather ashamed of myself for the way I handled this. My apologies, Mrs. Cameron."

Then he disappeared in the saloon.

THE Estrella dropped anchor in Biscayne Bay just before six. As punctiliously polite as he had been on their arrival, Frederick Novack was on deck to bid them good-by. He stood with his cap in his hand, gazing after them, while the tender took them ashore. When Leslie glanced

THE RICH HAVE NOTHING ON US!
HONEY, THE BOSS HAS ASKED US TO SPEND THE WEEK END AT HIS COUNTRY ESTATE!
HOW THRILLING! THEY SAY IT'S A GORGEOUS PLACE.
THAT WEEK END
HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR SALT POUR IN THIS WET WEATHER?
OH, WE USE MORTON'S—THAT NON-CAKING BRAND!
BACK HOME
WHY IS IT MORTON'S SALT DOESN'T CAKE WHEN IT RAINS?
IT HAS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS THAT DON'T STICK TO EACH OTHER LIKE IRREGULAR ONES DO! TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS AND SEE.
WHAT SHE SAW!
ISN'T IT MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE THAN ORDINARY SALT?
NOT A BIT OF IT! WHY, AN AVERAGE FAMILY CAN USE MORTON'S FOR ONLY 2¢ A WEEK.
THAT EVENING
WELL, DEAR, WE MAY NOT BE MILLIONAIRES, BUT WE CAN ENJOY THE FINEST SALT MADE!
IT CERTAINLY IS AMAZING HOW WELL IT POURS IN RAINY WEATHER!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
MORTON'S IODIZED SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

America's finest salt because

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Yes, even a millionaire can't enjoy a finer salt than Morton's. For it has amazingly uniform *cube-shaped* crystals that don't lump together in wet weather and clog saltcellars like the irregular grains of ordinary salt. And it also has a wire-hinged pouring spout that won't tear out no matter how often you open and close it. Yet, in spite of these superiorities, an average family can use Morton's salt freely for only 2c a week!

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

back, he lifted the cap in a final salute. She acknowledged it with a slight inclination of her head, a faint smile.

Harley, stepping ashore, was in a savage mood. He found a taxicab and curtly ordered it to drive to the hotel.

"That trip on the yacht," he said. "is going to cost me fifteen thousand dollars a year!"

"Why?"

"Because the first thing I intend to do when I get back to New York is give up a client I've had for years—the Arrencort Construction Company. I'll feel better, I think, having nothing to do with the man, even through a corporation!"

Leslie couldn't help admiring him for that. She accepted one of his cigarettes, lit it, and let the smoke stream back over her shoulder. Oddly, the only effect on her of the afternoon's cruise was one of stimulation, even of exhilaration. Exactly what Frederick Novack's purpose had been, she couldn't yet be sure. But she knew it must indicate that her search had been much more successful—and consequently much more dangerous for Novack—than she herself had appreciated.

WHEN she stopped at the desk in the lobby of the hotel, the clerk said, "There's a telegram for you, Mrs. Cameron."

He gave it to her with the key. She shot a quick look at Harley, then ripped the enveleope open. What she read was:

> THOMAS ROAKE LOCATED IN HOSPITAL AT EL PASO STOP AM FLYING THERE AT ONCE STOP PLEASE MEET ME IN EL PASO HOTEL MEXICANA TO IDENTIFY HIM PHIL

Something clutched hard at her chest. She stood gaping at the telegram. She read it twice, three times, before she became aware of Harley Pitts' questioning eyes. Then, shakily, she thrust the message into his hand.

She said breathlessly: "Read it! *Now* do you see why Novack tried to keep us out there?" And when Harley, in stupefaction, had read the message, she added, "His whole story about Bert was a lie! So was Helen Lunden's! Novack must have learned—heaven knows how—that Thomas Roake is in an El Paso hospital. He must have known I'd be called to identify him! Why else should he have tried to keep us away from all communications?

"Harley, I think we've found Bert at last!"

Is Leslie right? Has her search ended at last? Will she find her husband and discover the reason for his strange disappearance? The coming installment brings this brilliant mystery-romance to a dramtic and unexpected conclusion. Read it in next week's Liberty!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS

CHAMPION
PATENTED
15

TO MAKE YOU PROUD OF YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE

ONCE AGAIN CHAMPION presents evidence of an unusual nature to show that Champion Spark Plugs make every engine a better performing engine — performance of which you'll be proud.

In this country, we have nothing to compare with the European 24-Hour Races. Within two months, Champion-equipped cars have won three of the most important of these gruelling contests—the Bol D'Or, the LeMans 24-Hour Race, and the Belgian 24-Hour Grand Prix.

The LeMans 24-Hour Race, pictured above, is typical of all three. One feature of a 24-hour race is the start. Standing on the opposite side of the track from their cars, the drivers dash to them, at the drop of the flag—and start them cold —instant starting being essential.

Running throughout the night and on through the next day, over twisting country roads, with long, fast straightaways in front of the stands requires alternately fast acceleration, with wide open throttle, and fast braking with rapid deceleration — an extreme test of spark plugs. Champion Spark Plugs, with their ability to render service over a wider range of operating conditions, freedom from pre-ignition due to their leak-proof Sillment construction and all 'round better performance, stood these tests magnificently.

The absolute victors in all three races relied on Champion Spark Plugs. So again, Champions prove that they are the better spark plugs for your engine —every engine. Dependable dealers everywhere sell dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE secret of curing our famous Virginia ham, says Ruby Foo, was fetched home to us from China by an old-time Virginia gentleman who went there especially to learn it. . . . Sympathy for China's side, in her present trouble with Japan, has caused a 30-per-cent increase in the Chinese restaurant business here. . . . Italian-Americans run true to taste when they order Chinese food, their favorite being *yaka mein*, an Oriental version of spaghetti. . . . Razor-edged are all cutting tools in good Chinese kitchens. That's one of the tricks of their economy, and well worth copying. Ruby herself can slice a whole turkey wafer-thin with her biggest and heaviest meat cleaver, because she keeps it as sharp as a surgeon's scalpel.

Born in San Francisco, of Chinese parentage, Ruby Foo is an astute modern-minded lady executive with an entertaining personality. Her real first name, Yokey, means Jade instead of Ruby. Her Chinese restaurants in New York and Boston are resorts of fashionable forgathering. Melvin Douglas goes there for sweet-and-sour fish. Mitzi Green for *moo goo gui pan;* David Selznick for bird's-nest soup. . . . Ruby suggests that you try a nibble of *fu yee* —Chinese wine-cheese—with your next Chinese dinner. . . . But it was her husband, King Foo, Canton-born scholar of Chinese eating and drinking, who told me about Sandy MacDong. A *great* discovery for the menfolk! *San tay mak dong*, concocted of two obscure herbs, *doo wey man* and *how tay akh,* is said to be an infallible Chinese remedy for hangover headaches. The Scotch translation—Sandy MacDong—seems appropriate, and handier to remember.

☆ Ruby gave me her recipe for *mushroom chow yok*—one of her most popular dishes. There are no onions in it, and you can make it easily as follows: . . . Slice 2 lbs. fresh ham very thin. Sear about 2 minutes in 2 tablespoons peanut oil or butter. Do not let the meat burn. Add 1 cup chicken stock and cook 3 minutes more. Now put in ½ teaspoon molasses, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, and 1 small can mushrooms, sliced. Thicken with a little cornstarch and water. Serve with plain steamed rice. (This makes enough for six.)

☆ The new compass gadget that clings to the dashboard of an automobile by suction, and indicates reliably whether you are traveling toward the east, west, south, or north, may be a consolation to those of you who drive sometimes with men obsessed by the idea that they can navigate a car like a ship at sea, charting their course entirely by the stars. Yes, such men *do* exist! . . . I have not forgotten one experience with a star-gazing road pilot who ran out of gas about 3 A. M. in a dreary freight yard among the northern suburbs of an unfamiliar city, after aiming all night at a luxurious country club many miles to the south.

"Whose little secretary are you?"

☆ A bachelor business man brings me this true story from his summer vacation in Europe: At Venice he struck up an acquaintance with a young American lady of considerable charm. Took her for a gondola ride in the moonlight. His mood became definitely romantic. After a bit of unruffled sparring she said to him, "Would you be interested in a ten-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy?" Showed him credentials proving herself a bonafide representative of one of our largest insurance companies. He was so mad he stopped the ride and started a fight with the gondolier about the fare. Whereupon the gondolier pushed him into the canal. Then, as he splashed around in the water, the young American lady looked down at him from dry land and very sweetly asked, "Are you sure you're not interested in a life-insurance policy?"

☆ The return of three library books by a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, reader who had kept them out for twenty years was an event so remarkable as to win nation-wide notice recently through the dispatches of the Associated Press. The news item inspired a lady I know to return a long-borrowed book to another lady—thereby rekindling a friendship that had cooled for no reason except mutual neglect. . . .

On our home bookshelves nearly all of us can find a few books lent us, months or years ago, by congenial people with whom we have carelessly lost contact. There is no better way of getting in touch again than by delivering such books back to their owners.

☆ *P. S.*—I don't want to lend any one my copy of Cecile Hulse Matschat's fascinating new book, Suwannee River: Strange Green Land. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ Students of feminine psychology are worried by the occurrence of mass hysteria among females. A year ago two hundred Frenchwomen fainted at the same time. Five months ago, in North Carolina, seventy high-school maidens passed out simultaneously. One day last month twelve New York factory girls went, all together, into fits of the screaming meemies. Scientists fear that there may be conditions of life today which bring on these concerted hysterical attacks.

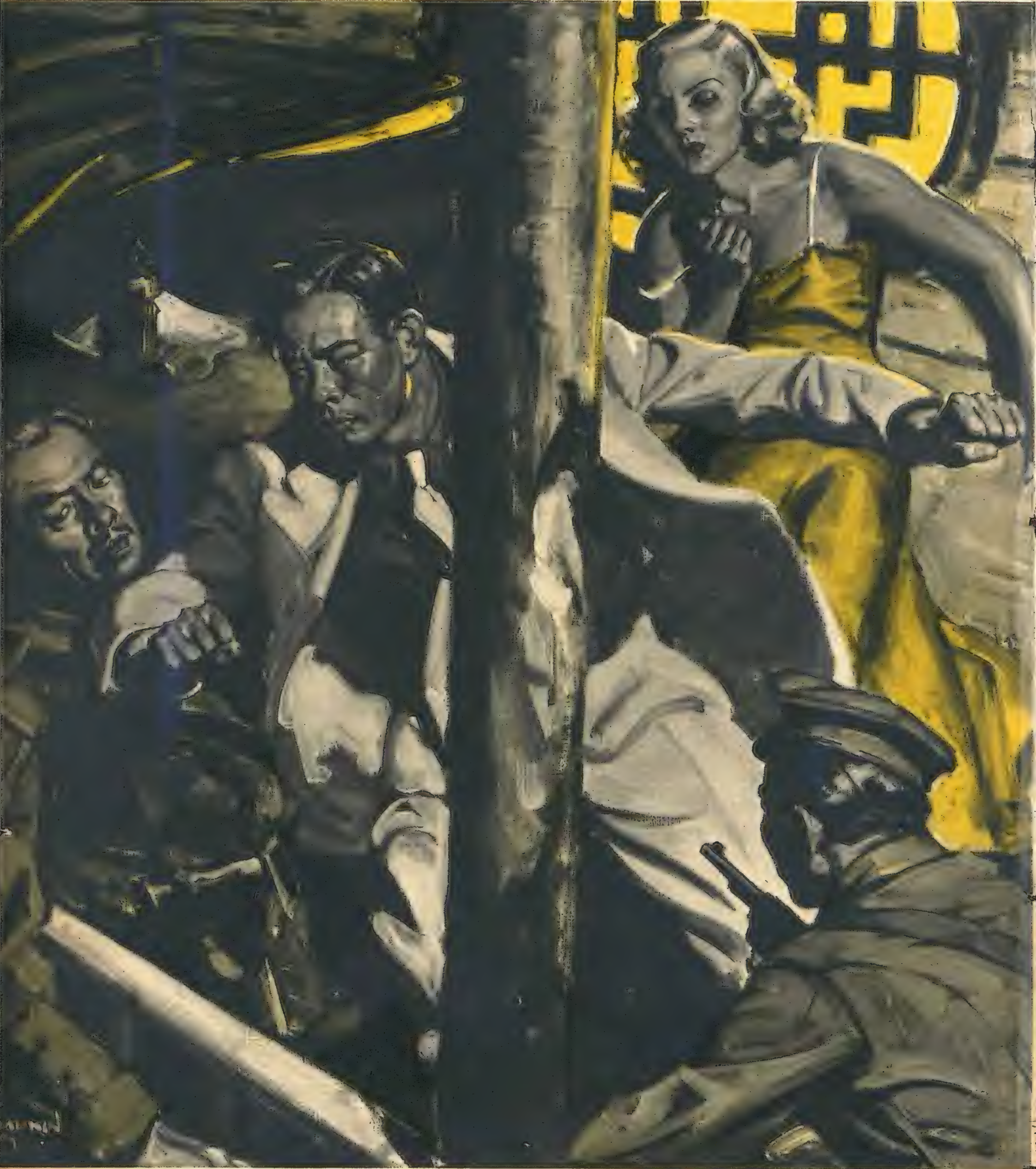
But a history teacher tells me there is nothing new about them.

More than a thousand years ago, he says, the vestal virgins of ancient Rome were subject, at times, to the same sort of mass hysteria.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

PARADISE



Ching Ling Hi's great fist lashed out, connected. The other's legs buckled. With a groan he sank to the floor.

KATE

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

DURING their flight from Shanghai, then under Japanese bombardment, two American newspaper correspondents listen to the story of a young fellow from the States who has been searching for the notorious Paradise Kate.

Sixteen years ago, he tells them, Kate was the wife of Billy Slater, a Los Angeles sports writer, and also held down the job of manicurist in a swanky hotel. Her most liberal customer was a flashy chap, Carlo Rossini, alias Donald M'Leod, a gangster leader. He missed no chance to flirt with Kate. She laughed at him, but, piqued at her husband one night, she accepted M'Leod's standing invitation and went with him to an underworld hangout. Almost as she arrived, there was a murder in the gang.

To get rid of Kate as a witness and to safeguard his dope and smuggling rackets, M'Leod had her drugged and shanghaied to Singapore, where she was sold to Koo Sung. At a port of call on the way she learned that her husband had been killed in an airplane accident and her little boy adopted by a wealthy middle-aged couple.

Kate escaped from Koo Sung's clutches with the help of Ching Ling Hi, a herculean coolie. With her as his beautiful hostess, the Chinaman planned to open a gambling house in Shanghai. But, learning of her escape, M'Leod ordered his henchmen to kill Kate. Ching thwarted the assassins, and with the gold paid them for the crime established himself and Kate in the Paradise Cabaret.

Before long, Grover Cleveland Yat, a rich man and a supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, invested money in the new popular rendezvous. Kate waxed prosperous, but one evening she overheard a conversation that related the death of her son by fire in California. Capping that horror, she saw M'Leod in a passing ricksha. She followed him to his hotel to shoot him, then changed her mind when she saw him with Yat. However, some time later she read that M'Leod had been sentenced to seventeen years in prison.

PART EIGHT—A GAUNTLET OF FIRE

ON a certain day a few months later—that was early in 1937—a good many things, some trifling, some grave, yet all interrelated, were happening here and there and everywhere.

To mention a few—

In London, the newspapers paid meagre attention to Lord Halifax's solemn warning that, as long as Great Britain refused to look facts in the face and, by the same token, come to terms with Mussolini over Ethiopia and the Mediterranean, her naval might would be insufficient to safeguard her interests in China against Japanese encroachments.

In Berlin, General Goering was closeted with his tailor, working out the details of the cream-and-silver uniform which he expected to wear when, eventually, he would ride in triumph by Hitler's side through the streets of Vienna.

In Paris, radical members of the House of Deputies were conducting a filibuster against the government proposal that a further two billion francs be spent on bombing and pursuit planes.

In Moscow, in the deep cellars of the Kremlin, a number of former officials pleaded guilty to the crime of high treason of which they were innocent.

In Washington, D. C., a silver-tongued and rather ingenuous senator from the Far West, addressing a women's club, announced that never again would the United States be drawn into a world war, while President Roosevelt and the Chief of the Naval Staff debated how much time it would take to build a couple of forty-five-thousand-ton battleships.

In Rome, the Pope dictated an encyclical imploring mankind to follow in the footsteps of Christ the King, the God of Love and Justice and Charity, while a great engineer was finishing his blueprints for an 8.26 gun which would attain a muzzle velocity of 4,769 feet a second, and which, on Good Friday of the following year, was destined to kill a hundred women and children kneeling at worship in one of Barcelona's ancient churches.

In Shanghai, Paradise Kate was almost thrown out of her ricksha when, all at once, with a cry of fear, her coolie swerved and galloped round the corner—as, at precisely the same instant, from a doorway came a crimson spurt of flame—a Japanese colonel, attached to the consulate general, fell on the ground, his heart pierced by a bullet, and a wild-eyed young Chinese student stepped forward, smoking revolver in hand, fired four more shots into the prone body, and yelled raucously:

"*Pao ch'ing mien yang!* [Death to the foreigners and honorable loyalty to China!]"

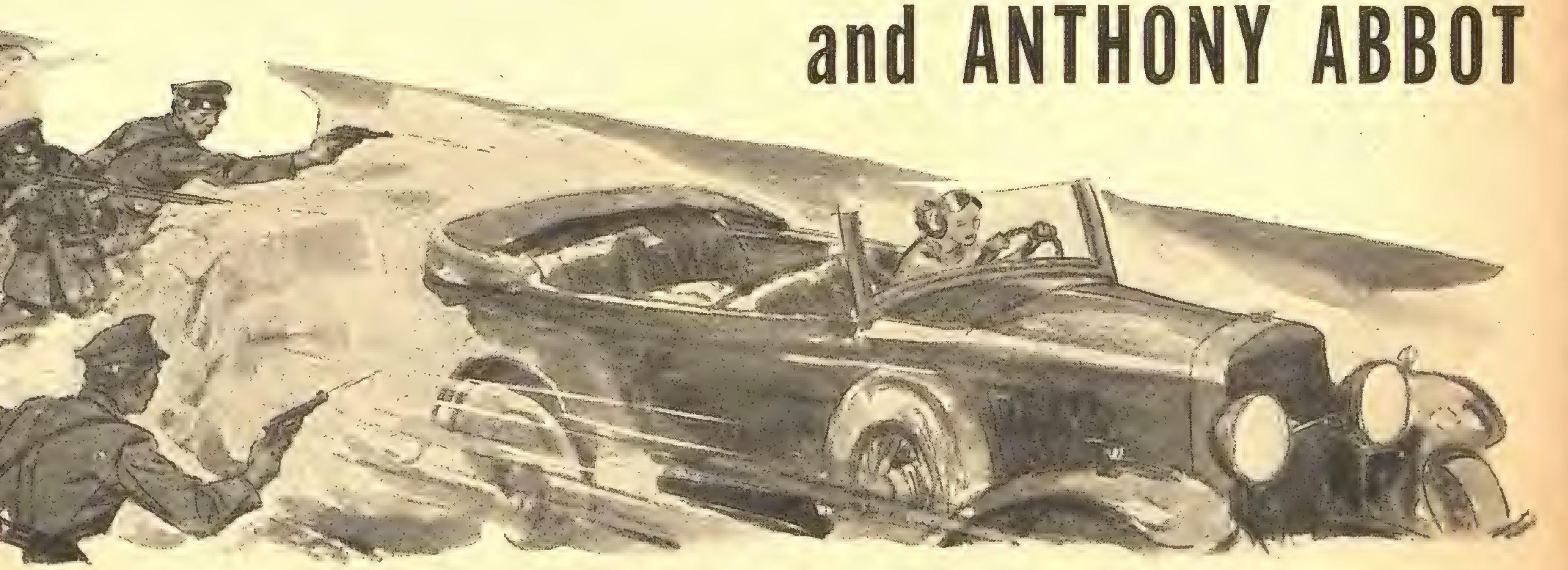
MOMENTARILY there was silence.

People stared, wide-eyed, openmouthed. People shuddered.

Then, suddenly, as if a spring had been released in a thousand Mongol brains, the murderer's cry was

Death strikes in Shanghai—and new, breathless adventure befalls in the year's most striking, colorful story

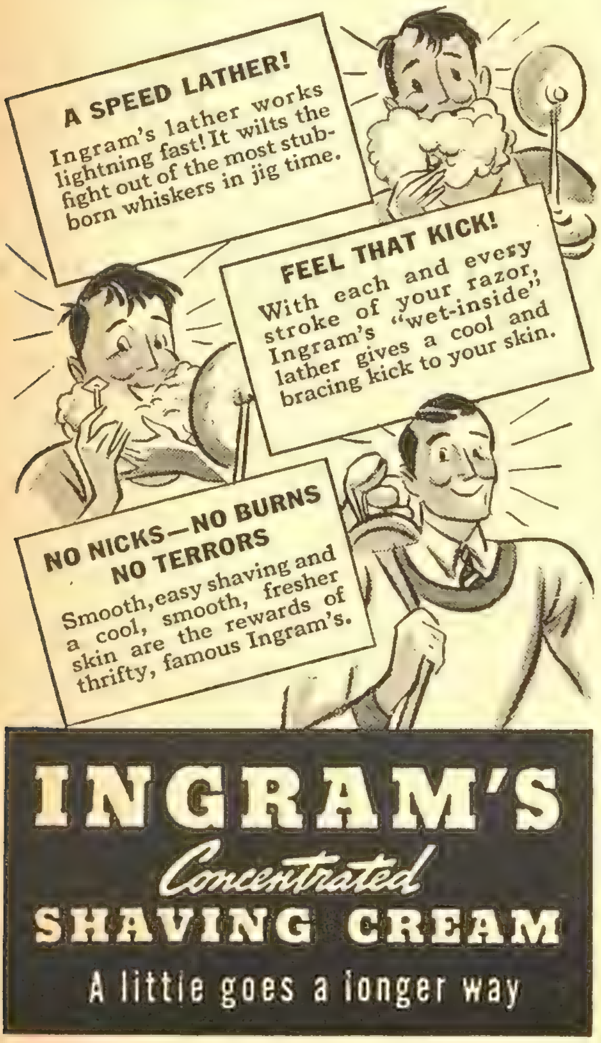
BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT



Even the secretary of a treasury—can't
Buy shaves more smooth and pleasure-y!

Get the luxury—try the KICK of an Ingram's Shave!

WHAT a shaving difference, what a soothing, cooling, luxurious difference you'll discover with your first INGRAM'S SHAVE! For Ingram's is the unique formula—the shaving cream and lotion in one! Its big, billowing clouds of lather soften up whiskers in double time. And all the time you feel that cooling, *soothing* Ingram's KICK. Buy the economical tube or jar at your druggist's today.



A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

NO NICKS—NO BURNS NO TERRORS Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty, famous Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

taken up in a brutal, fanatic chorus:

"Pao ch'ing mien yang!"
"Pao ch'ing mien yang!"
"Pao ch'ing mien yang!"

Here—by Buddha the Adored! was their hate against the Japanese expressed by a fact. A red fact—there, in the blue slime of the road. . . .

A young girl approached the slain man. She pointed a mocking finger.

"Pah!" she jeered. "Tiger you were, once! And—*hayah*—paper tiger you are today!"

"Paper tiger with paper teeth!" a crippled old crone chimed in shrilly.

More women crowded up. Vicious curses. Exultant laughter. For always and everywhere, in Shanghai or Moscow or Paris, it is the female of the species rather than the male which, when the gods of vengeance are athirst, clamor for blood.

"Pig with a pig's heart!"—the mouth that formed the words was small and cherry-red.

"Here! Food for your stinking soul!"—the hand that threw the clot of mud was delicate and ivory-white.

"Thus may be the fate of all of them!"

All of them . . .?

The thought released another spring in Mongol brains.

Why, there were more Japanese in Shanghai! Clerks. Shopkeepers.

Inoffensive people . . .?

No, no! Enemies all. Oppressors. Arrogant men whose government, for years now, had been making impossible, insulting demands upon China the Mother.

Therefore—

"Kill them!" howled a gaunt orange-robed Buddhist priest.

"Kill them!" boomed a gigantic coolie.

"Kill them!" was a little boy's sharp falsetto.

"Kill them! Kill them!" peaked the savage symphony of sounds as the mob milled and moiled down Thibet Road like a huge snake.

THEY picked up weapons, stones, bricks. On they rolled, a relentless, pitiless tide. And so, on that pleasant sunny forenoon, grim death stalked through Shanghai—while within the hour, some hundreds of miles away, in Tokyo, a gray-haired general listened to the reports that ticked over the wires and, turning to his aide-de-camp, remarked: "Let us be grateful to the foolish young Chinese patriot who fired the first shot."

"Grateful?"

The older man's harsh features curled in a slow ironic smile.

"Precisely," he said. "Here—is it not strange how a single shot can change the course of history?—is what we've been looking for. An answer, written in blood, to America's and Europe's weak-spined idealists. The proof that it is our duty, as a civilized nation not to wage a war of conquest—no, no!—but to protect our countrymen against barbarous Chinese aggression, to protect China itself against Communist revolution. Which reminds me"—again he smiled—"communicate with the foreign newspaper correspondents. Make it clear to them that the young student who killed Colonel What's-his-name is in the Bolshevist pay." He rose.

Before the end of the week, with G. H. Q. flashing hectic orders, soldiers marched down to the docks to board the transports; as, not many days later, landing parties fought their way ashore and garrisoned the International Settlement and took up positions along the Whangpoo.

ON that same evening, a few hours earlier, the Paradise was crowded with a festive throng.

Oh, yes. There was war. But the bombardment had not yet begun. The strife, though a good many Chinese had been killed resisting the landing parties, had not yet assumed a personal aspect where the white man was concerned. Besides, said the consensus of opinion, it wasn't going to be much of a war.

For—according to Japanese propaganda, zealously supported by Germans and Italians—it wouldn't amount to more than a military promenade. The Chinese, as was the way with them, would show the white feather when they saw Japan meant business. They had no courage, no national unity, no real patriotism.

Right, agreed the British and French residents; the fighting would be over in a month or two. But for a different reason: the Western democracies would put their foot down.

Oh, yes, it would be a bit of a mess. England and France, as always, had been caught unprepared. Unpreparedness—no use denying it—was the curse of the free nations. And Japan had taken a leaf out of the Hitler-Mussolini Bible. No warning. But act, strike—no matter what people think!

Still, England *was* England and France *was* France. There was, too, Russia. Three powerful countries whose patience sooner or later would snap. They would tell the Japanese where to get off and then . . .

Eh—in reply to an American journalist's caustic query—how, precisely, were they going to proceed, what with Germany and Italy on Japan's side of the international fence, and most of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, and France torn by parliamentary conflict and having to reckon with a new enemy, General Franco's Fascist-trained Spanish rebels, at her back door, and Russia in the throes of bloody intrigue and temporarily out of the running?

Well, perhaps there was something to what the journalist said. May have to wait a while before we put our foot down. But we'll do it some day, and the Japs know we will. They're just putting up a tremendous bluff. Won't dare to interfere with our vested interests in China, our banks and shipping and mineral concessions.

What's that? Jap officers were

censoring all cable messages? Jap soldiers in the International Settlement were beginning to kick up? There was that sentinel who yesterday slapped a French missionary's face; that corporal who this morning pulled a gun on a British major.

Too bad!

But—oh—soldiers will be soldiers. Bound to feel their oats. Anyway, the whole thing will blow over in no time; we'll do business at the same old stand; and what about stepping round to the Paradise tonight for a spot of fun?

Fancy-dress ball. Twenty dollars admission. Pretty stiff. But Kate needs the money for her hospital ward—with a guffaw—says *she!*

Therefore the crowd at the Paradise. The fancy-dress ball which did not differ much from any other fancy-dress ball given any other night, or perhaps that very night, in London or Paris or San Francisco.

For here the same paunchy gentleman with the Scotch kilts and the bent nose flashed the same off-color diamonds before the same South Sea cannibal queen. The same George Washington gave the same lie to history by having a row with the same Napoleon over the same Cleopatra. The same Robespierre split a bottle of champagne with the same Pierrette. The same couples were jerking to the same jazzy two-step.

Dancing. Drinking. Getting drunk.

"Here we go!" yelled a White Russian, gorgeous in the long cherry-red uniform of Turkoman Cossacks.

He picked up a young French girl whose half-dressed body was like some lewd Paris vaudeville poster. He raised her up to his broad back. Holding her there with one hand, he did a savage Cossack dance, boring into the crowd, stamping his feet, his heavy cavalry saber swinging by its silver chain in glittering circles, thudding painfully against unwary shins, while the people, first amazed and furious, presently hooted alcoholic approval.

The orchestra leader bobbed up and down in his chair like one possessed. Bassoon and clarinet peaked to a rollicking fortissimo, as other men followed the Russian's example. Dancing all. Turning all. Twisting all. The music ever louder. The shouting ever louder. The laughter ever louder—until, quite suddenly, overwhelming the noise of the revelers with a tragic, bitter surge, came another noise, from the outside.

FIRST a zumming and droning, as of millions of angry bees. Followed by a crash—and the next moment part of the wall that faced Thibet Road came shattering down.

There was a plume of acrid, inky, choking smoke. A rain of steel splinters. And a young Englishman dressed as Rameses the Great opened his mouth wide. He seemed astonished. Then he fell. A tiny scarlet spot showed on his gay Egyptian tunic; grew rapidly into a thick blackish ooze. . . .

Death! Death had come—to Para-

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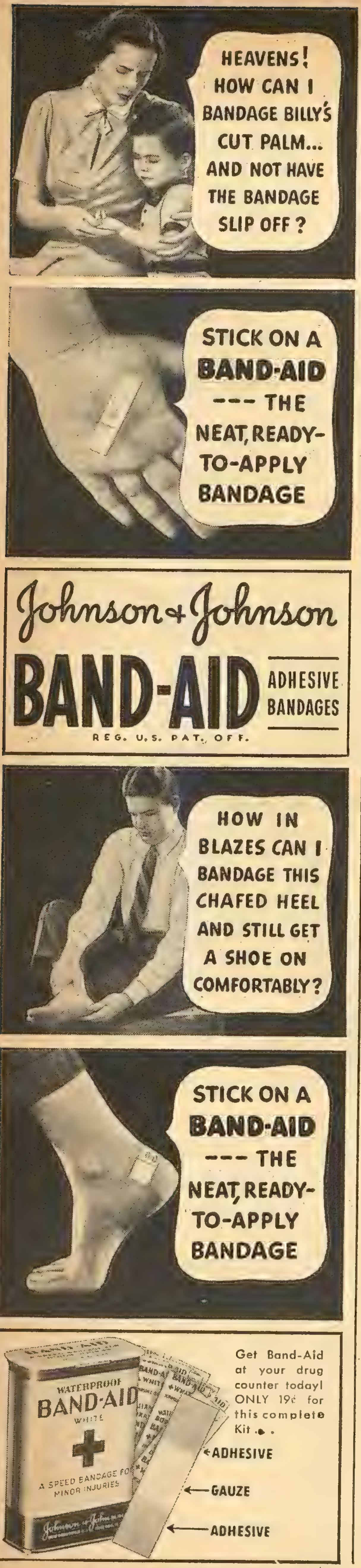
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dise. A hysterical cry. Outside, a Very light shot up. It leaped against the blind purple face of the night, painting it with a dazzling whitish-blue flame. It dropped through the broken wall like a huge theatrical spotlight, silhouetting the men and women in the ballroom; showing them to each other with all their stark, obscene fear.

Crash! Phutt! A second shell. Another rain of steel splinters. . . .

Tubby Townsend turned to Kate.

"My word!" he drawled. "Frightfully inconsiderate—these Japs. Might have waited with their bombardment until the end of the ball."

"You've said it," she replied.

She stumbled as somebody pushed her violently.

THEN she stepped to one side into a small niche, as the crowd heaved into motion. Utterly panic-stricken. Guests, musicians, waiters. Cursing, screaming. Hurting each other in their mad haste to escape.

A sea of vividly colored costumes, broken here and there by a woman's bare white shoulders—reddening as fingers clawed and tore.

Hands striking out crazily. Feet kicking. Voices bellowing abuse. Running down the stairs. Tumbling down. Bodies falling, trampled.

Kate looked about her.

On a table was a half-empty champagne bottle. The glasses had been smashed. She raised the bottle; took a long drink. She lit a cigarette.

"Here," she said, "is Station P-A-R-A-D-I-S-E—signing off."

She finished the champagne. She felt better then, but not much. She shrugged her shoulders.

Screams were drifting up. Screams of the wounded and dying out there on Thibet Road where the Japanese bombardment had taken grim toll. Other sounds. The short, throaty, vicious bark of mortars with a wailing long-drawn whistle at the end. The deep, sonorous, fully rounded notes of howitzers. A staccato rat-tat-tat as from rooftops and windows Chinese riflemen fired hopelessly, pathetically at a distant invisible enemy.

Crash! Another shell.

Outside, a hysteria of yells was followed by a worse hysteria of silence.

Shell upon shell.

Then an enormous drumming clatter. A direct hit—Kate told herself—somewhere close by.

She stared through the shattered wall; saw a pink glow athwart the night. A cry: "Fire!"

The pink glow darkened. It changed to ruby and amethyst and deep orange. Flames burst through the carved gilt door of the Buddhist temple at the corner. They raced like blotched, speckled snakes along the neighboring houses.

Crash! Crash! More bombs falling.

And—Kate's sudden shuddering thought—the hospital, her hospital, was only a few blocks away.

Children in there. Little sick helpless children.

She clenched her fists. She mouthed insults against the Japanese. She went down the stairs.

Got to talk to the Japs! Got to tell 'em what's what! They can't do that to me! Not to *me!* Not to *my* hospital! I'm an American—see?

She crossed the outer threshold. A man who was entering bumped into her. It was Ching Ling Hi.

"Trying to save the pieces?" she inquired. "No use." She pointed at the gaping wall. "Your underworld pals will be here soon. They'll strip the Paradise to the bone."

"I know. Nor did I come here because of the Paradise. But to find out how you . . ."

"That's nice of you," she interrupted, and meant it.

She turned to go.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

She told him. He shook his head.

"Don't be a fool, Kate! You haven't a chance. The Japanese outposts are at Soochow Creek. They won't let you pass."

"I'm an American."

"Don't make me laugh!"

"Anyway, it's up to me to make the attempt."

He frowned. He said slowly:

"All right. I'm coming with you."

"Oh!"—astonished. "But . . ."

"After all, we've been partners and friends for a good many years."

She looked at him.

"You"—her voice was tremulous—"you're a swell egg." She paused. "Where's your car?" she demanded.

"I came on foot. A bomb smashed the garage."

"O. K. We've got to hoof it." She smiled thinly. "We won't find a ricksha. Not tonight we won't. . . ."

SIDE by side they walked down Thibet Road. It was deserted. Only, here and there, bodies of men and women were stiffening in the muck and mire. And from windows and rooftops came the rat-tat-tat of Chinese riflemen firing at the invisible enemy miles away.

Other streets. Frightened, uneasy streets. Silence. Men and women—one guessed—cowering and shivering behind locked doors. As if locked doors could keep out death!

"Turn left," said Ching.

A market square. What had once been a market square. Men. What had once been men. Kate's knees trembled. She told herself: "Take it easy!"

She walked on steadily, keeping step with Ching.

The sun was beginning to race along the rim of the world in a tossing sea of fire, with purple shafts of light that put out the paling moon and mirrored on a sluggish sheet of water—Soochow Creek—not far off.

The battle front—not far off.

Barricades. Shallow trenches. Ammunition dumps. Gun emplacements. A scurrying patrol of Chinese regulars. A barked order: "Stop!"

They obeyed. The sergeant in command approached. He was wary, suspicious. Then a smile spread over his leathery features as he recognized

Kate—Paradise Kate—the American woman who built the hospital ward.

He kowtowed.

Where was she going? And why? And how could he be of help to her?

She told him. He tried to dissuade her. She insisted.

"There are children," she said. "Children who are in danger. . . ."

He gave in then. The enemy outposts, he explained, were only a short distance away. No more than a few hundred feet. There was a sort of no man's land where the artillery had razed to the ground what had once been a prosperous neighborhood. He would hoist a white flag. The firing would stop temporarily. She and Ching could cross this no man's land—and, he added, would doubtless be turned back by the Japanese. But it appeared he was mistaken.

FOR the Japanese commander listened to her. He invited her and Ching to wait on the porch of a small half-ruined house that served as battalion headquarters; telephoned to divisional headquarters; and not long afterward a roadster drove up. The man at the wheel got out, mounted the short flight of steps, and welcomed Kate with outstretched hand.

He called her by name. And she, he asked, didn't *she* remember *him?*

She looked at him. Vaguely she recalled.

Used to frequent the Paradise. Quite the sport. Taking an occasional flutter across Ching's baccarat table.

"Got it!" she announced. "Mr. Obata—and in the rice business."

"Not Mr. Obata but Major Obata. Not rice, but military intelligence."

"Well," she laughed, "you sure had me fooled in those days."

"But," was his slow rejoinder, "*you* didn't have *me* fooled."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I patronized the Paradise for a reason. That I watched you. That I know all about you. That you were—and still are—a friend of Grover Yat, Japan's most dangerous enemy next to Chiang Kai-shek. That," in rising accents, "you are a Chinese agent, a Chinese spy. And," in rising accents, "to come here, to dare to come here, with a weak trumped-up excuse! Very well. You came—and you'll not go back. For," violently, "we show short shrift to spies, even though they be Americans—and women." He came a step nearer. His voice dropped to a purr as he added: "We hang them."

Kate stared at him. She had been too bewildered to interrupt, to argue and expostulate. Why, she thought, the man must be jesting.

But immediately, seeing the expression on his face, so hard and vindictive, she told herself that he was in earnest. And fear came to her. . . .

"Listen!"

She put a hand on his arm. He threw it off. A military policeman was strolling past the house, had almost reached the corner. Obata was about to summon him. And just then, Ching Ling Hi, who had been sitting

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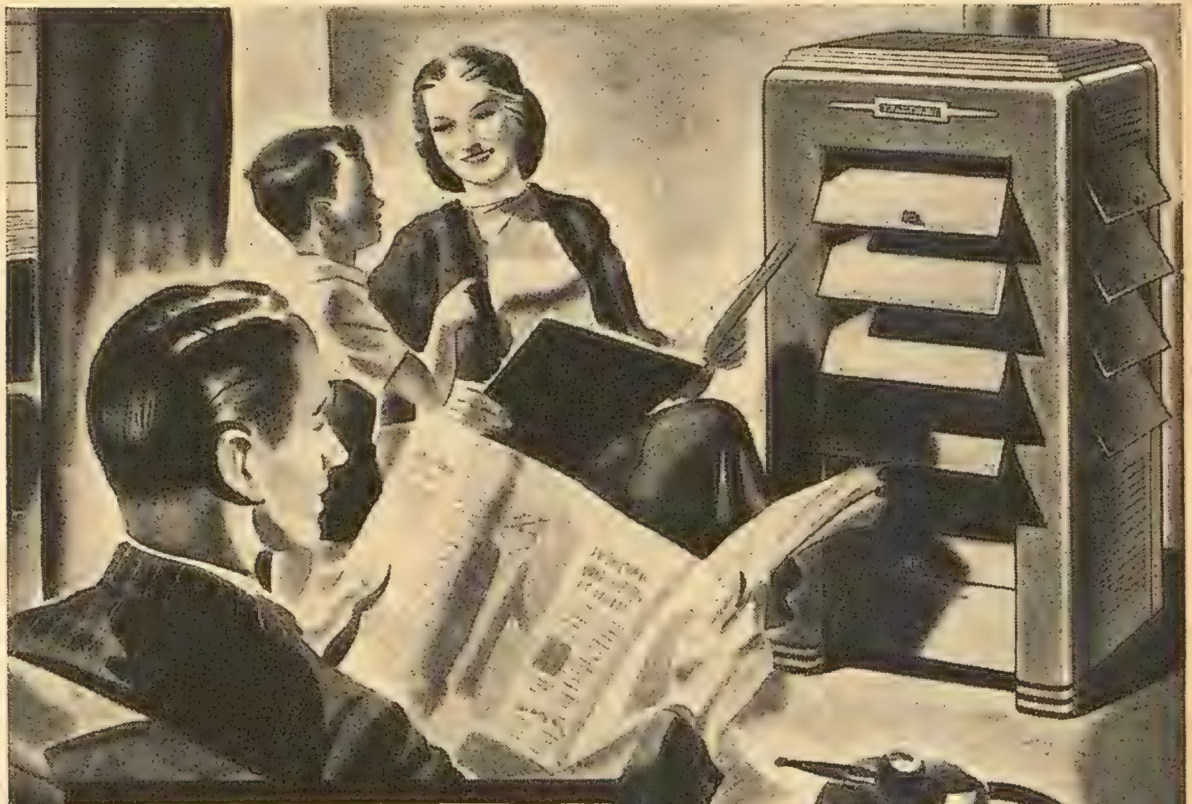

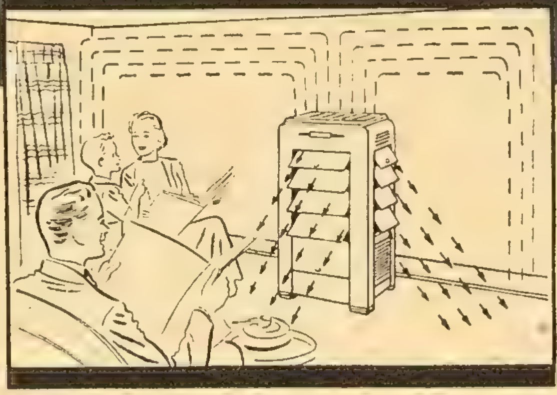

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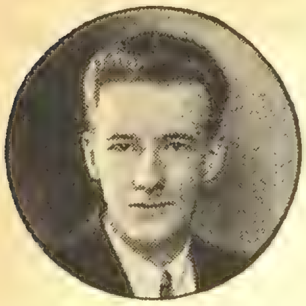

Their Home in Flames the Sweetman Family Slept on.

Arthur E. Sweetman, of 336 Durham Ave., Metuchen, N. J., still has his "Eveready" flashlight. It's still working, he says, with the original batteries in it. He lost everything else he owned . . . and but for the flashlight, his wife, his baby son and he would have lost their lives as well.

"My wife waked out of a sound sleep when the baby coughed," writes Mr. Sweetman, "and picked up our flashlight from a chair by the bed as she got up. In its bright beam smoke was curling under the bedroom door!

"Quickly, we wrapped the baby in blankets and climbed out the window just as the room burst into flame.

"Safe! But there we stood shivering in our night clothes watching everything else we owned burn up.

"Not quite everything, however. Firemen found the flashlight still burning where my wife had dropped it in that flaming bedroom . . . and because it, and those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries saved us from a living cremation, I shall treasure it all my life. *(Signed)*

Arthur E. Sweetman"

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quietly in a corner of the porch, cleared its width at a single bound.

His great fist lashed out, connected. The other's legs buckled. With a groan he sank to the floor. Yet, as he dropped, his fingers caught the Chinese by the sleeve; would not let go.

Ching kicked him brutally.

"The car"—he spoke sharply, hurriedly, to Kate—"quick, quick! . . ."

By this time the military policeman had heard the commotion. He turned, saw, blew his whistle, came on a run. Obata tugged at his revolver.

A split second later the policeman vaulted across the porch railing; and once more Ching called out to Kate:

"Quick—quick . . ."

She hesitated.

"Damn you—" here were profanely heroic words. "Isn't it enough if *one* of us two has to die?"

Right then Obata pulled out his revolver. Lying on the ground, he shot. The bullet ripped through Ching's stomach—and, at the same instant, Kate rushed from the porch.

She jumped into the car. Her hands gripped the wheel. Momentarily the roadster paused, quivered. A deep whine rose from its steely intestines. It plunged forward. . . .

ONLY a few hundred feet to the Chinese outpost. Yet to Kate a shuddering eternity of fear in these few hundred feet. Japanese soldiers racing up. Firing off rifles. Trying to stop the car. . . .

One of them stepping square into its path. Stumbing. Falling. No time to swerve. A machine gun cutting loose. Her windshield shattered. . . .

The roadster increasing its speed.

Another spray of machine-gun bullets. A tire hit. The car skidding, veering crazily, righting itself. . . .

Vague figures looming up. Figures in the ragged khaki of Chinese infantrymen. The sergeant running to meet her, shouting: "Look out!"

Straight ahead of her a wide cleft in the road, deep, steeply banked. Too late to swerve. Bending over the wheel, as if trying to lift the machine bodily across the obstacle. . . .

First she had the sensation of passing over it, flying over it, rather, on creaking protesting wings of steel. Then the car fell, turning sideways, in mid-air. She jumped at the same moment; and, even as she lost consciousness, she saw the roadster describe a fantastic somersault, smash back on the ground, bounce, then smash again, upside down"

Something black crashed into her brain, melting at once into a flood of red color with broad interlacing veins that seemed to jeer and wink at her.

She felt a sickening jar—a sharp pain—then oblivion. . . .

Can Kate come out of this awful accident physically and mentally intact? If she does, with Ching dead and the Paradise Cabaret in ruins, what will be her next course of action? How can she mend her thrice-broken life? Next week's Liberty has an astonishing answer.

AN AMERICAN *in Search of a Party*

What would you do? A Rip-Van-Winkle voter gives you a remarkable record of guidance . . . that led him nowhere!

BY CARL CROW

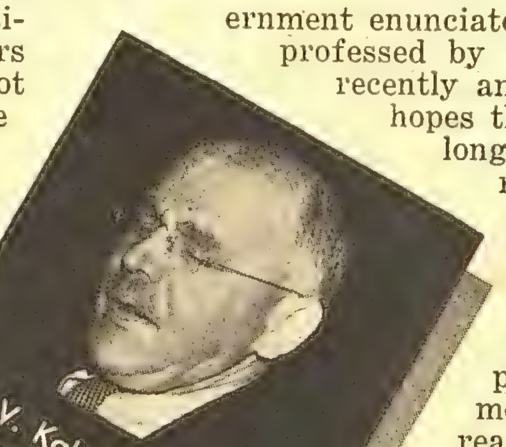
Author of Four Hundred Million Customers

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Japan's attack on Shanghai compelled me to move to the country in which I was born, I found it necessary to become an American all over again. For more than a quarter of a century I had been a resident of the Far East and had viewed American affairs in a detached way from an Oriental window. It was not until I reached Seattle that I realized that at the age of fifty-four I had never voted in an American election and knew nothing about American politics. Now I felt it was my duty to take part in politics; but which party should I join?

I finally decided to ask the advice of a number of the leading men and women of the country, and a letter was sent out to a carefully selected list. Almost every one of them replied! In my letter I was very careful to explain that any reply I received would be considered as confidential if the writer desired it; but very few made that request.

Letters were sent to the governors of all forty-eight States, and more than three fourths of them replied. One would naturally expect that an elected governor would urge on me the merits of his own party; but a number advised me to study the matter carefully and then decide.



H. V. Kaltenborn, radio commentator, suggested: "Why not begin with the Communists? They will give you the low-down on all other parties and enable you to move upward with shrewd discrimination."

Governor Cone of Florida gave me this advice, as did Governor Kirman of Nevada and Governor Ammons of Colorado, and like Governor Cone, neither mentioned which party he belongs to. Governor Aiken of Vermont added a cautious Yankee note that I should "consider the reputation of both parties for living up to their policies."

Governor Martin of Washington also suggested that I study the platforms of the two parties but expressed the hope that I would become a Democrat. Governor Murphy of Michigan advised me to take an active part in politics and, while he did not urge me to follow his example, told me why he belonged to the Democratic party.

Governor Ayres of Montana suggested I solve my problem by the process of elimination—which would leave only the Democratic party. Former Governor Peery of Virginia and Governor Quinn of Rhode Island refrained from giving me any advice which they said would be biased but each presented Democratic arguments.

Governor Cochran of Nebraska, Governor Tingley of New Mexico, Governor Hoey of North Carolina, Governor Lehman of New York, Governor Blood of Utah, Governor Marland of Oklahoma, Governor Townsend of Indiana, Governor Clark of Idaho, Governor Miller of Wyoming, Governor Huxman of Kansas, Governor Horner of Illinois all presented arguments for the Democratic party.

The then Governor Hoffman of New Jersey advised me to read the papers and listen to discussions for some months before coming to a decision. He is a Republican but has never subscribed to the "reactionary interests that controlled the party many times in the past."

Governor Nice of Maryland thought I should become a Republican. He mentioned that the party "believes in states' rights." Governor Barrows of Maine also presented arguments for the Republican party.

Senator Carter Glass finds it very difficult to advise any one because "both of the national political parties in this country are so intent on policies that are calculated to win the unintelligent support of the populace rather than adhering to sound principles of government . . . I believe in the principles of government enunciated by Thomas Jefferson and professed by the Democratic party until recently and I adhere to the party in hopes that it may some day before long change its cowardly and ruinous policy and reassert its belief in Jeffersonian policies."

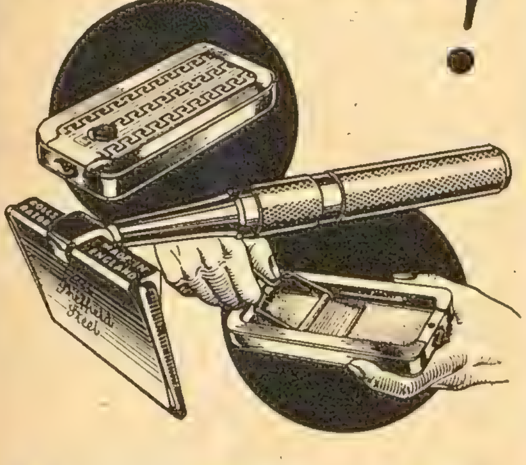
Representative Voorhis of California thinks I should not only join the Democratic party but "work to keep it moving forward. Should the reactionaries capture control of it, then our situation would, of course, be changed."

James A. Farley argued that I should join the Democratic party and become an active worker because it "is the only organization equipped to guide the destinies of America in these perilous years." Representative Swope of Pennsylvania said that as a Democrat who has great admiration for the work of President Roosevelt he would naturally advise me to join that party, but he advised me to read several books by "both admirers and critics of the Roosevelt administration." He also referred me to Representative Caroline O'Day, for whom I will have an opportunity to vote at the next election. Mrs. O'Day believes the Democratic party has "laid the foundation for a more even distribution of the good things of life. . . .

Speaker William B. Bankhead feels that it would be hardly fair to advise me but believes that the Democratic party "as now led and organized represents more liberal and progressive policies than does the Republican party." Minority Leader Snell thinks I should join the Republican party which, he believes, will be returned to power when the people get tired of the present experiments. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., advised me to make a careful study of the various political parties.

Senator William Gibbs McAdoo thinks I should join the Democratic party as it "represents to a greater degree than any other party in this country, vision, progress, and fundamental ideals." Representative Hamilton Fish takes the opposite view for he thinks that the Republican party today "offers any patriotically inclined

NO apology for this shave!



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citizen the greater opportunity for service to his country, and that the record of the party far transcends that of any other."

Former Governor Landon thinks "that the really *good* citizen is one who believes in upholding the existing constitutional, representative form of government which we have in the United States." Former Governor Alfred E. Smith wished that he "was in a position" to advise me but said that was something nobody could do.

Earl Browder did not answer my letter but I received some pamphlets from the Communist party, U. S. A., accompanied by a letter on plain paper, but with no indication as to where it was written. I did not find the Communist literature convincing.

H. V. Kaltenborn had suggested: "Why not begin with the Communists? They will give you the low-down on all other parties and enable you to move upward and downward with shrewd discrimination."

William Green, while declining to advise me on such a personal matter, says he has "been identified with the Democratic party because I have believed it to be constructively liberal and progressive." John L. Lewis says that since I am a resident of New York State I should join the American Labor party. Upton Sinclair also suggests that party, adding that its progress seems the "wisest and sanest."

The presidents of Harvard and Chicago universities, through their secretaries, declined to commit themselves. In striking contrast, Mary E. Woolley, formerly of Mount Holyoke, and Clara M. Thompson, dean of Vassar, wrote me frank and delightful letters. Each takes an active interest in politics and has party affiliations, but each is independent. Miss Thompson is a Democrat and has a "warm allegiance to President Roosevelt because I think he has been a very courageous and steady worker toward making America a more complete democracy. . . ." She hopes he "will not stand for a third term but at present I do not see a worthy successor in the Democratic party." Miss Woolley is registered as a Republican but is "independent." She has voted for two Democratic candidates for President and if there were an election this year she would do so again.

Condé Nast disclaimed any ability to advise me and suggested that I refer the problem to Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann. "If you are taking your first interest in American politics," he says, "I cannot imagine more informed advisers." The same mail brought letters from them both. Miss Thompson doesn't think it matters very much which major party I join if I use my "influence in either one to get them to adhere to a more realistic program." She adds that the Republicans need me worse, and that we really need a new party, an intelligent conservative party. Mr. Lippmann does not belong to any political party, though he regards himself as an independent Democrat. He did not, however, vote for Roosevelt in the last election.

J. P. Morgan "feels every citizen must determine such matters from his own knowledge of current affairs and viewpoint." David Sarnoff did not think that any one should join a political party on the basis of what somebody else might tell him. He suggested that I read the newspapers and magazines and listen to discussions over the radio and then make up my own mind.

Pierre S. Du Pont wrote: "I myself would like information on the very subject you bring up." Louis Ruthenburg said he "votes for candidates of either party whose records indicate that they will be good public servants." He suggested that I do the same thing, "because our parties mean less than the records of the men who stand as candidates. . . ."

Roger W. Babson implied that he followed parental traditions and advice. "My father brought me up to believe that you can usually do the most good by voting with the minority, whichever party that happens to be." That is the way the letter was dictated, but an amendment in Mr. Babson's hand shows that his father's choice of minorities was restricted to Republican and Democratic! Dr. Alexis Carrel says no one can advise me and I will have to select for myself the road that I believe to be the right one.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick advises me to remain independent, voting for issues as they arise. He does not know whether to call himself a Republican as he often splits his vote all to pieces. Dr. Charles Francis Potter says that if he had to choose between the Republicans and the Democrats just now he would incline toward the latter. "I still have a high regard of F. D. R. in spite of my aversion for some of his associates. But if the Republicans should nominate LaGuardia, I should waver."

Among well known authors, George Jean Nathan was the only male who admitted to being a party man without a lot of qualifications. "I am," he wrote, "at present, a Democrat, if for no other reason—although there are obviously additional ones—than the party's belief in, and practice toward, strong national arms defense." Harry Hansen found that party membership would make him very uncomfortable. Walter B. Pitkin doesn't see any hope in any of the present parties. "The Republicans are dead but don't know it . . . the Democrats inhabit a house of straw which a huff and a puff may blow over almost any minute. The minor parties are not worth mentioning. It is my strong suspicion that, in the course of the next year, a violent shake-up will alter the entire landscape and probably make possible an intelligent choice."

Faith Baldwin became a Republican because she lived in New York where Tammany rule was "unthinkable" and she is still a Republican though living in Connecticut. She advises me to register with the Republican party and then vote as I see fit. There is a delightful feminine touch in her remark: "After all, being a voter doesn't mean you can't change your mind."

Roy W. Howard said he had "never felt it either a duty or advisable to join a political party," or "to permit my political ideas to jell in any one mold." Edna Ferber thinks I would find the next four or five years very exhilarating even if spent "in doing nothing else but familiarizing yourself with the politics of this country." As a fellow writer, I wonder how she thinks I would make a living doing that!

Will Irwin thinks that unless a man has some definite political ambition, "it would be unwise to ally himself formally with any party now. Affairs are in flux."

"No one can advise you," writes H. L. Mencken, "not even God. I am a Democrat myself, and have been so all my life. But it is hard to go on in these days of the New Deal. The Republican party is twice as bad, and the minor parties are all *n* times as bad. Thus there seems to be nothing to do save suffer and sweat."

The many kind and helpful letters have left me more puzzled than before. The intellectuals are almost unanimous in advising me to remain independent. But the independent has no voice in the framing of party platforms or the selection of party candidates, so in the end he votes for or against policies or candidates chosen by other people, many of whom are not without selfish motives. I can't believe that they are right.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Gracie Allen.
2—Nebuchadnezzar.
3—Cornelius McGillicuddy (who's better known as Connie Mack).
4—Two million.
5—A headache (since it's aspirin).
6—San Bernardino (California), 20,175 square miles, and large enough to embrace the states of Delaware, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and New Hampshire.
7—The lachrymal glands.
8—"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight."
9—Aaron Burr.
10—To have their noses cut off.
11—Howard Hughes; Rupert Hughes.
12—Rotten Row.
13—Florence Nightingale.
14—About ninety feet, since correct procedure requires that the flag be elevated to the pole's top before being lowered.
15—James Joseph (Gene) Tunney.
16—Andirons.
17—The sea horse.
18—Lazaro Cardenas.
19—Lamenting.
20— Alice Faye

Carol Hughes, feminine star of the Republic-Gene Autry picture, "Man from Music Mountain", is . . .

. . . shown here with Andrew Anderson, owner of the famous A BAR A Ranch, Encampment, Wyoming. On . . .

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FINAL WEEK, READER POLL CONTEST—

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LAST week you indicated on Coupon 1 the title of the article, feature, or story you liked best in that issue and gave your reason in ten or less words. This week you are asked to supply the same thoughtful information on Coupon 2, which concludes that part of the contest.

In addition Rule 2 requires a statement of not more than 100 words explaining " Why I Read Liberty." This is as much a part of your entry as the two coupons and should be submitted with them.

Do not go to the trouble and expense of preparing an elaborately decorated entry. This is not a fancywork contest. It is the quality of your explanations that will establish your rating by the judges. Your chance to win the first prize is excellent. Do not neglect your opportunity to win. Make a point of completing your entry and getting it into the mail in time to be received before the dead line on September 30. Think of the thrill of receiving Liberty's check for $200 in reward for the few minutes it will take you to finish and mail an entry!

Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty and prize checks will be mailed to the winners coincident with publication of the awards.

THE RULES

1. An entry in this contest will consist of two coupons and a brief letter. One coupon will appear in the issue of Liberty dated September 10, another in the issue dated September 17.

2. To compete, fill out each coupon as directed, then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining carefully and sincerely " Why I Read Liberty."

3. Mail both the coupons and statement as a unit. Separate coupons will not be considered. Address Reader Poll Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 30, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. Coupons and 100-word statements will be rated on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness of reasons presented.

5. For the best entry judged on this basis Liberty will pay a cash first prize of $200. In the order of their excellence, each of the four next highest entries will be awarded $25 cash prizes and each of the forty next highest will receive $5 cash prizes. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

LIBERTY'S READER POLL CONTEST
COUPON NO. 2

Issue Dated September 17

The Story, Article, or Feature I Like Best In This Issue Is

. . . .

(Write title on this line)

I Like This Best Because

. . . .

. . . .

(Explain in not more than ten words)

Bing Among the Bangtails

Playing a picturesque, ne'er-do-well follower of the ponies gives Mr. Crosby a pleasing respite from bo-bo-bo-boing in the moonlight

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR O STAR—VERY POOR

SING YOU SINNERS

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew, Donald O'Connor, Elizabeth Patterson. Story and screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Paramount Pictures. Running time, 91 minutes.

BING CROSBY is trying to get away from bo-bo-bo-boing in the Hawaiian moonlight. Here he essays a detailed characterization—a lazy ne'er-do-well who can't keep a job, who always thinks something golden and glamorous is just around the corner. He has no scruples, for he would steal the sweetheart of his hard-working garage-mechanic brother as easily as he would loaf without a worry around a little debt-harassed small-town household.

The no-account Joe Beebe drifts to Los Angeles, runs two bucks into a bank roll, comes to own a race horse, generally disrupts life for his mother and his brothers. You will like Crosby as Joe. He plays with pleasant ruthlessness the lad who can't hold a job more than a few hours. You can give him sympathy or not, as you like. But he is real; he has the authentic touch of laziness.

Fred MacMurray is good as the one mainstay of the Beebe household; Donald O'Connor is ingratiating as the youngest of the Beebes; but best of all is Elizabeth Patterson as the mother driven to desperation by her offspring.

And there's one grand novelty song, Small Fry.

VITAL STATISTICS: Debutter Mickey Rooney-ish Donald O'Connor's in his teens, a genius with the hoof, mouth, accordion, or gag. Was discovered playing knockabout stooge to two older brothers in vodvil; is cast to type perfectly in this. Donald hasn't a birthday. Was born on tour in a forgotten stand, on a forgotten date, delivered by a forgotten doctor. Parents were the O'Connor Family, circusers. Donald's first job was being bouncing ball in a human juggling act. His big brother tossed him to his mother, who caught him with her feet, curved him back to Pop O'Connor, who thereby scored an assist. Later Donald grew as versatile as Joe Cook, got something of an education at the Hollywood Professional Children's School. He's taking singing from Crosby, has mastered the Crosbian hot licks. He seems unimpressed by his success, pictures being just another set of dates to him. . . . Ellen Drew was a lady counter valet in a dep't store three years ago. Was born in Kansas City in 1915, christened Terry Ray. . . . Pic was formerly called The Unholy Beebes; is up there in the $800,000 class, Crosby films costing, but also making. . . . Yep, those are Bing Crosby's horses but not his track (Santa Anita, Pomona Fair Grounds) working in this. One of them failed to win by schedule in a take for one scene. Crosby moaned: "If they can't even win a fixed race, what good are they?" Actually Crosby doesn't have to worry about them winning. His track's making plenty, despite opening of new fancy Hollywood Inglewood plant. Crosby bets horses by what he calls the historic Chinese system: Goes down the list of entries in a race, reciting the alphabet. When the initial letter of a horse's name coincides with a letter of the alphabet, he bets on it. Claims to have won twenty-five or thirty dollars with system; doesn't tell how much he's lost. . . . Fred MacMurray bets the Abyssinian astrological-double-adaptable system, which consists of betting horses with most i's and a's in their names. Ruggles prefers the elementary Egyptian system, taken off the Rosetta Stone: You add the age of the horse to the weight it carries. If total corresponds to its post position, chuck it in, he advises. Ellen Drew believes center positions breed winners; bets only 5- and 6-post positions. All are successful wagerers; have lost only a few thousand apiece among them this season. . . . Iron-haired Wesley Ruggles modestly claims to have discovered Harry Lillis Crosby; Jack Offield, otherwise Oakie; Irene Dunne; Fred MacMurray; Carole Lombard; Janet Gaynor, whom he made early two-reelers with: Arline Judge; Gladys George; and Fritz Feld. No, he didn't discover Hollywood. That was there before he came. . . . Ellen Drew wears not a dress that costs over $6.98 in this, but her stockings run from $3 to $25 a pair. When Bing Crosby looked at Don O'Connor's new haircut first time, he wisecracked: "I see they cut a firebreak through your hair!" The line, considered good, went into the script. Crosby's full of such remarks. . . . Fred MacMurray's going out after the largest collection of matchbooks in the world; has gone nuts about steel-head fishing; and gets 100 clay pigeons out of 100 regularly at skeet shooting. That's what happy marriage to Lucille La Motte has done to him. Some one's just swiped the saxophone on which he tootled to fame from his new $50,000 house, so Fred is scouring the pawnshops. Fred never plays the instrument, considers it too corny for modern swing, but loves it like a pal. . . . Bing Crosby has four kids. Admits he sang I Surrender, Dear, to Dixie Lee when he asked her to share his paltry few thousand per. He's added apartment-house owning to his various trades. A jack-of-all-trades, he makes jack.

Donald O'Connor, Bing Crosby, and Fred MacMurray in Sing You Sinners.

SMASHING THE RACKETS

★½

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Frances Mercer, Bruce Cabot, Rita Johnson, Donald Douglas, Ben Welden, Ed Pawley, Walter Miller, Frank M. Thomas, Kay Sutton, Theodore Von Eltz, Edith Craig, George Lloyd, Paul Fix. Screen play by Lionel Houser from a story by Forrest Davis. Directed by Lew Landers. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 69 minutes.

MANUFACTURED melodrama possessing some excitement. Jim Conway is a G-man who becomes a god of the headlines. A shrew New York district attorney persuades him to give up his post and become one of his aides. He plans to use Conway's fame, bury him in nonessentials.

But Jim Conway won't be buried. He fights off luxuries and favors, starts out on Manhattan rackets—slot machines, white slavery, and the rest. And in no time at all he has Manhattan upside down. Of course there's a romance, with a nice girl who misunderstands the forthright Conway up to the last scene.

Chester Morris is the G-man turned reformer; Bruce Cabot is the suave Park Avenue dictator of the underworld; Frances Mercer is the girl. Best of the cast: Ed Pawley as a hard-boiled mobster.

VITAL STATISTICS: Smashing career of Thomas (Babyfaced) Dewey has set off entirely

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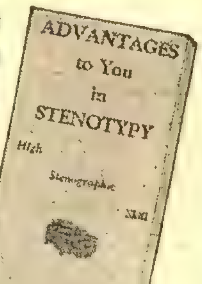

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FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

new cycle of Hollywood crime pix, darn it! About six loom darkly. Dewey himself was asked to play Chet Morris' part; refused, being too shy to face cameras. Handsome in a boyish way, Dewey'd probably photograph like a million dollars, knock the ladies dead, win everybody with his Frank Merriwell earnestness, straightforwardness, likability. . . . Dewey cuts in on this pix, taking a share of the money for mag articles about him from which this was made. . . . New Hollywood crime wave comes as a godsend to tough-mug actors, whose features are softening with gradual dwindling of crime on the screen. . . . Some have figured Hollywood's made more out of crime than the racket boys themselves. Curiously, crime pix have been under ban for some years now, but the boys keep turning them out. . . . Chester Morris' screen career's been mostly criminal; his salary's been largely paid by underworld pix. Made first underworld talkie, Alibi; has been both on the side and against the law in film, about 50-50. He doesn't care for criminology. Is a New York boy. Has black hair and green eyes, weighs a mere 150. His parents were actors. He got his big stage success in Crime, a play. He's spent most of his life in the theater. Is married, has two children, doesn't seem to age, made no silent pix; always spurned the films till the sound and the fury came. Often wonders what his acting life'd been were it not for the underworld. Won't tell his age. His Hollywood life is placid, comfortable, and conservative, although he does the social sports, nitespots, and upper-crust merry-go-round. What with his screen life, he's become expert with guns; used to be afraid of them. Can deliver a knockout wallop that looks like the real thing; has developed a dead pan with a fierce menacing eye. Can shoot left-handed as well as right, using the right to hold the girl trembling by his side. That takes technique, chaps. . . . Bruce Cabot's screen life has been largely criminal too, only Bruce's always been on the side of disorder. He was born in Carlsbad, N. M., as Jacques de Bujac, his gramper was French ambassador to the United States; one of his uncles Harjes is still a French banker connected with the Morgans. Bruce vagabonded through Europe after the U. of the South at Sewanee; scrubbed decks, did odd jobs; studied at the U. of Tours, France. Then cowpunched, worked in the Western oil fields, was sparring partner of a boxer. Took up acting for both the adventure and money. Debutted in film as the heavy in Roadhouse Murder. Is 6 feet 1, very earnest about Hollywood, very strong, still a fair boxer, a nut about fast cars, dashing about the bed of Muroc Dry Lake, where his pet car can whip up about 120 m. p. h. He likes dancing, the theater, breeding police dogs, golf. Was married to Adrienne Ames in 1933, but they dehitched. He keeps wanting to be a star, keeps being featured. Would take up brokering if his film light went out. Finally realized a seven-year ambition and raised a mustache for this. Directors have always been awful hard on his lip fuzz. . . . Like Cabot, Rita Johnson's borrowed from M-G-M. Studios like to rent out some of their lesser lights, to give them experience, no matter how B the picture. Rita's the sauce of Worcester, Mass.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL

★

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Ruth Hussey, Lana Turner, Rita Johnson, Don Castle, Guy Kibbee, Sarah Padden, Gordon Jones, Virginia Grey, Marie Blake. Screen play by Joseph A. Field and Jerome Chodorov, based on a drama by Edith Ellis and adapted from a story by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 72 minutes.

BASED on a successful Broadway play, White Collars, this purports to be a saga of the great middle class, the disorganized elephant mass of our national life possessing tremendous strength but little co-ordination. Actually, it is just a romanticized view of a middle-class family into whose cycle of work, bills, worries, and humdrum existence steps a handsome young millionaire. He has come to love his secretary, who is one of the daughters of the noisy apartment household.

Nowhere does the picture get its toes into life. Nor is it divertingly enough done to be as successful as was the Broadway play from which it grew. Some of this, it seems to us, is due to the direction. Director Schunzel does not know his America.

Robert Young is adequate enough as the clean-cut Croesus of business; Ruth Hussey disappoints your Bev Hills as the competent, attractive secretary who bridges the social chasm. Best of the cast is Sarah Padden as the tired mother of the household, a down-Easterner transplanted from the rocky coast of Maine to a crowded New York apartment in a canyon of darkness, noisy radios, and brick walls.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rob Young's the most prolific actor on his home lot, M-G-M; works morning, night, and noon turning out all kinds, shapes, and grades of pix, stepping from part to part without a rest. Two years ago Rob couldn't get a hunk of a role on his own lot; spent his time on the loan-out circuit, making big money for rival studios. This is his first solo billing; theoretically makes him a star. Never the Rob Taylor or Clark Gable type of heart pounder, Young's profile's not classic but a steady moneymaker. He's a Chicagoan, had what's known as a Seattle and Los Angeles hi-school education, which qualified him as a drug clerk, furniture mover, soda jerker, insurance peddler, reporter, building-and-loan seller, and poor man. Bob Pasadena Theatered for 4½ years, was yanked by talent scouts for Helen Hayes' Sin of Madelon Claudet, his first squawkie. Apprenticed seven long years thereafter on one of those contracts beginning at $150 and ending at $10,000—he's only in the $1,750-a-week class at the moment. Has married, become a father, rid himself of a very conspicuous inferiority complex. He's 6 feet tall, blue-chinned, and has brown eyes and hair. He owns a tiny 620-acre ranch near Del Monte, California; raises sheep and cattle. Will be a farmer in his old age, cultivating his family, being very much the family man. He's known as a semi-native son around Hollywood. Has been discouraged all over the place. A flat tire (non-human) is said to have been the turning point of his career. He was leaving Hollywood for nowhere in an old fliv, when it blew, sent him scurrying back to success. He's moderate in habit and taste, doesn't drink, smokes little, goes in for business men's sports, sleeps lots, takes in little high life, saves his money. Bob is married to his former childhood sweetheart, Miss Henderson. He's calm, cagey, quiet, and glad he's where he is. . . . A year ago Ruth (Gorgeous) Hussey came to the City of the Angels with a Dead End road company; refused Hollywood when they handed it to her on a gold platter. Today they're trying to get the platter back—she's nuts about the place, has stepped up in the four-figure-a-week class. She's dark-haired and -orbed, a gift of Providence, Rhode Island, to the acting world. Has always been dramatic. Is a U. of Michigander; a Provincetown Player alumna; was a radio fashion commentatrix for a time till the call to Thespis came. . . . Lew Ayres still plays comedy without Ginger. Lew's from Minneapolis; came to San Diego at ten. Is a U. of Arizona man; learned to tinkle drum, guitar, banjo, and piano at college. Did a Rudy Vallee after college; got a screen bit between his teeth in The Sophomore; was opposite Garbo during The Kiss. Became well known when he did the timid boy in All Quiet; got better known when he married Ginger Rogers and achieved world super-fame when they were divorced.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

★★★½—Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

★★★—The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It.

WHAT MAKES 'EM TOUGH IN A WORLD SERIES

A sprightly behind-the-scenes survey of strategic moves and tense moments in baseball's classic

BY JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

WEIRD and fanciful are some of the plays made and some of the things that are said and done under the tremendous pressure of a World Series conflict.

It would seem, of course, that to a professional ballplayer, who plies his trade from early March to October, until nearly all of it becomes routine, a few more jousts at the close of the season in what is known as the diamond's classic should scarcely cause any undue fluttering in the pulse beat.

There are many folks who believe this and the players themselves like to convey that impression.

But the painful truth of the matter is that this is only what the players wish were so. Actually, there is very little if any of this assumed calmness among the men who, at the close of two pennant races, are catapulted into a whirlwind clash where the chips are down and where something like two thousand dollars—the difference between the winning and losing share per man—rides on practically every shot. And that's what makes any ballplayer tough in the World Series.

It is a time when a single mistake may suffice to bring swift and certain disaster; when the greatest stars fall down while the lesser lights shine brightest, and when reactions upon the performers take the most amazing turns. It is indeed quite incredible what astonishing things these fellows will think of in the split second which they sometimes have at their disposal to think of anything.

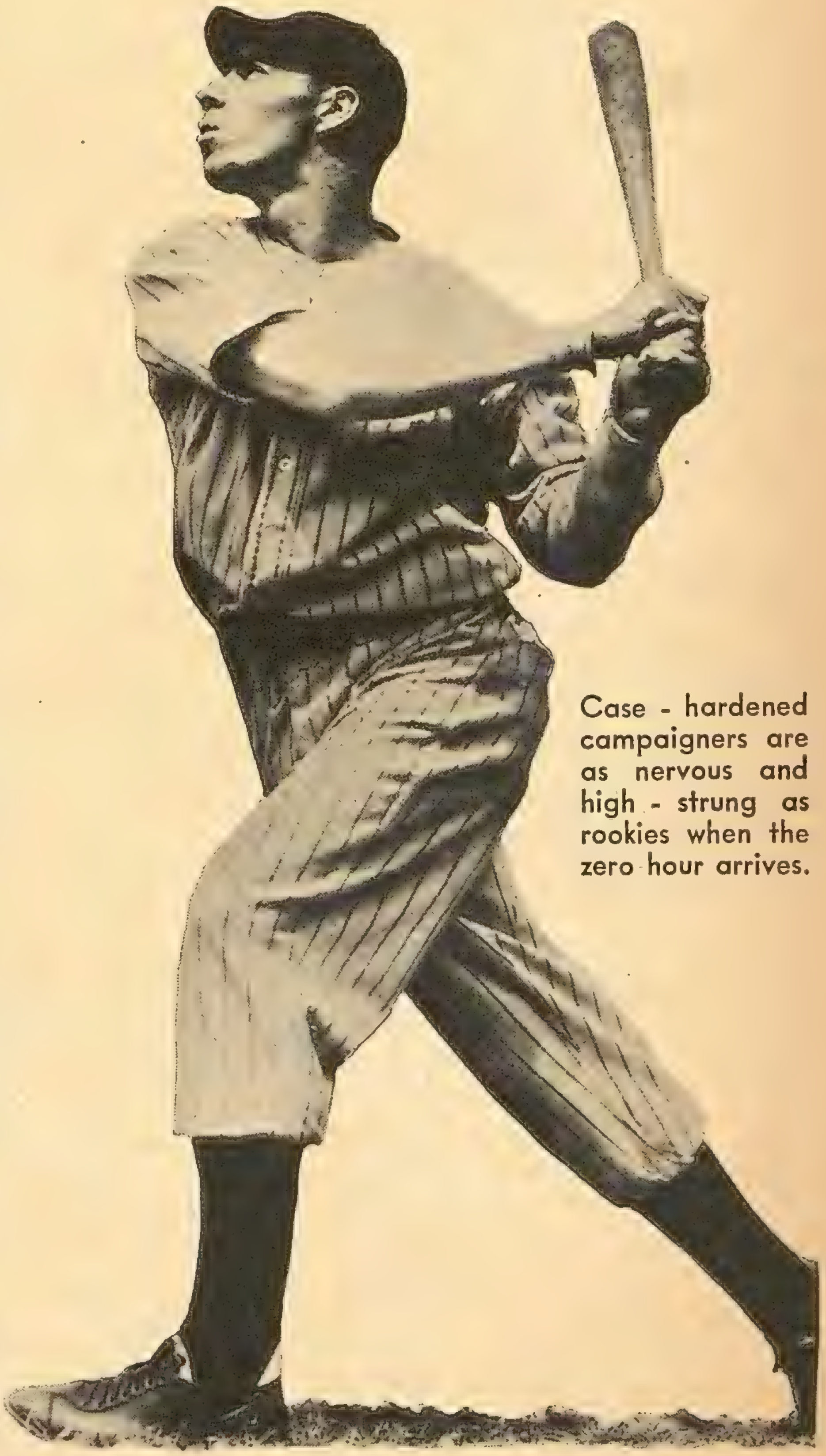
It was only because Jake Flowers had a nephew and happened to recall this in the nick of time that Jake missed committing a blunder that would have provided one of the most farcical endings to a World Series game on record.

This one happened in the memorable series of 1931, when the sensational Cardinals, inspired by Pepper Martin, brought to an end the reign of Connie Mack's last great Athletic machine. Flowers was the Cardinal third baseman, and Wild Willie Hallahan, their hurler, was doing a great job stemming those mighty Mackmen in the crucial second game—crucial because the Cards had lost the first one and a second defeat at this early stage would have meant curtains.

Wild William was leading George Earnshaw, 2-0, when the Athletics put runners on first and second with two out in the ninth. Mack called upon Jimmy Moore to pinch-hit for Earnshaw, and there was a tenseness in the St. Louis stands that was nigh on to stifling.

Hallahan rang up two strikes and then shot over a low curve that struck the dirt behind the plate. But Moore swung for what looked like the third strike, and the game to all intents and purposes was over. At least, that is what all in that frenzied mob in the stands thought, and so too thought catcher Jimmy Wilson. In fact, so sure was the usually alert Jimmy that the game was finished that, unmindful of the rule which stipulates a batter must be put out at first when a third strike touches the ground, he fired the ball to Flowers at third for no other reason than in his great exuberance he felt he must fire the ball somewhere.

Then came a tremendous uproar. Coaching at third was the wily Eddie Collins, who, having duly noted that the ball had touched the ground, was now bellowing his lungs out in an effort to get the befuddled and chagrined batter down to first. In time Moore lit out for the bag, while the bewildered Cards dragged back Flowers with the ball and immediately plunged into a great harangue



Case - hardened campaigners are as nervous and high - strung as rookies when the zero hour arrives.

with the umpires. The latter finally decided Collins had diagnosed the play correctly; that there had been no putout and that the game by no means was over.

So, with the bases now full of Mackmen, the Cards had to return to the battle still seeking the third out while clinging to their slender two-run lead. Fortunately the suspense did not endure for long. Joe Boley, the next batter, flied out to Martin, and this time the game was really over.

And now for the near tragedy which almost befell Uncle Jake and which Flowers confided to me that night.

" Do you know what I came darned near doing in that ninth? " asked Jake. " Well, sir, like everyone else, I also thought the game was over when Moore swung on that third one, and I was so happy that we had won I also wanted to throw the ball somewhere, and as I headed for the dugout I decided to fire it into the stand just to give those yelling fans an added treat. But, just as I cocked my arm back, I thought of my little nephew and what a thrill it would give him to have that ball. So I tucked it away in my back pocket and kept on going until I was hauled back by the shirttail and told that ball was needed mighty badly to finish the game. Boy, I'm still shivering when I think what would have happened had I fired that ball into the stands and swept about three runs across the plate! "

There are, of course, certain phlegmatic fellows, utterly without emotion or imagination, in whom dramatic situations find no response at all. But there are surprisingly few of this type. Cliff Melton perhaps is one of them. This bean-pole, sail-eared hillbilly from North Carolina was the freshman pitching sensation of the Giants last year, had no conception of the magnitude of the task about to confront him as he faced those devastating Yankees in the last October series.

And even when they pinned his great ears back in his first start against them, the Towering Cliff merely shrugged his shoulders and drawled: " Ah guess they jest got the jump on me this time. But if Bill [meaning Terry] lets me, ah'll pitch every innin' the rest of the way jest to show they can't do it again."

Bob Meusel, a vital member of that first Yankee Murderers' Row of the last decade, was another. This strangely silent moody fellow seemed utterly indifferent to what was going on, whether it happened to be an exhibition game in the spring or a nerve-racking World Series struggle in the fall.

But these fellows are more or less the exception. Most all, even the most case-hardened campaigners, are as nervous and high-strung as first-year rookies when the zero hour arrives to plunge into one of these World Series whirlpools. The only difference is that some manage to control their nerves better than others. It is this rare quality that makes some of them exceptionally tough.

MOST fans look upon Carl Hubbell as the very picture of calm, cool, and collected thought as he concentrates upon spinning one of his frequent masterpieces of the mound. There are times when this lean, mild-mannered wizard of the left-handed screwball seems to be without nerves at all. A few minutes before squaring off against the Yankees in the first game of the 1936 World Series, Hubbell was so nervous he was almost on the verge of going down with the jitters.

It wasn't that he had any thought or fears for himself in the matter. What worried him was the knowledge that countless fans, supremely confident of his skill, had plunged thousands of dollars that afternoon solely in the belief that he was absolutely invincible for that game.

It was perhaps the greatest load any single player ever was asked to carry on the eve of a World Series game, and it almost had him down. But once the struggle got under way, Hubbell's mastery over his nerves as well as his foes quickly asserted itself, and the result was another triumph for the left-handed maestro.

Lefty Gomez, an intelligent fellow with an unusually lively imagination, has his keen sense of humor to help ease his nerves in the tight spots and thereby make himself one of the toughest and most feared pitchers in baseball when the stakes are high. He has, in fact, never lost a World Series game and has won five. Yet, no matter how tense the struggle, he never can resist the temptation of a wisecrack or a playful gibe at his more serious colleagues.

He has a pronounced weakness for gaping at airplanes, and once stepped off the rubber to admire a soaring birdman while a runner stole home. This didn't happen in a World Series, but it did not prevent him from doing the very same thing in one of the Yankee-Giant series games last fall. Fortunately, there were no runners on base to take advantage of this lapse in attentiveness; but when the inning was over, the serious-minded Tony Lazzeri bawled him out anyway. Whereupon Lefty shot back:

" Now listen, Tony. Next to seeing you stow away a platter of spaghetti, I know of no more fascinating sight than a plane winging over my head. So pay attention to what's going on below whenever I look up. Young men who look up go far."

" What a guy! " grumbled Tony. " If we listened to him he'd have us all goofy."

PERHAPS no player ever had a more varied and bizarre World Series career than the illustrious Babe Ruth. The Bambino really plumbed the depths and touched the heights.

In his earlier appearances in those first Yankee-Giant clashes back in 1921-23 he was something little short of a dud. With the chance to put over the final crushing blow in the 1923 series, he struck out with the bases full on a low pitch that actually hit the dirt.

That pitch, incidentally, was the fruit of one of John McGraw's managerial strokes of genius for which the Little Napoleon was famed. McGraw, a natural psychologist, had deliberately instructed his pitcher, Rosy Ryan, to throw that one in the dirt, in the firm conviction that the Babe, overanxious to hit, would swing at anything.

But in later years the mighty Bambino soared to heights that still remain without parallel in World Series warfare. He literally tore the last game of the 1928 Yankee-Cardinal series apart by ramming three home runs out of Sportsman Park in St. Louis; and then there was that epic clout in Chicago in 1932, when, with two strikes called and the jeers of a hostle crowd ringing in his ears, he dramatically pointed to center field, literally calling his next shot.

He blasted the next pitch squarely down the center of the fairway and out of the park alongside the scoreboard for one of the most inspiring spectacles ever seen on a ball field. For a moment the crowd sat in awed silence. Then followed a spontaneous thundering ovation. Asked later what his thoughts were as he triumphantly circled the bases, the Babe replied: " All I kept thinking to myself was what a fine sucker I would have looked like had I missed that third one and struck out."

In a game where luck plays a big part, especially in a brief World Series brush, it is curious to note how nearly all World Series heroes accept their greatest accomplishments with a becoming modesty not at all assumed.

There was the time old Grover Alexander dramatically stepped into the breech in the seventh inning of that Cardinal-Yankee series in 1926. He had pitched and won the day before, he had considered his task for the series ended, and, as was his custom, had spent most of the night in the company of a group of friends.

And now he was being asked to stem a final desperate Yankee bid to overcome a Cardinal lead. As he shuffled up from the clubhouse he mumbled to Manager Hornsby, " O. K., Roge, I'll pitch. But don't ask me to throw any warm-up balls. That'd be the big giveaway."

Whereupon he proceeded to strike out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full on three pitched balls. After the series, which the cards won by virtue of this Homeric effort, the folks back home tendered a royal reception to Alexander. But when asked to make a speech, all Aleck would say, was:

" Shucks, I don't know why you folks want to make all this fuss over me. When Lazzeri smacked that second pitch into the stands it went foul by only a foot. One foot the other way and Tony would have been the hero and I would have been the goat."

Masterminding, as exploited by pilots during the long pennant grinds, usually runs for Sweeney in a World

Series. Even to attempt it would be much like worrying about pace and timing in a hundred-yard dash. Events move so fast, the whole show is practically over before you have time to ponder over anything.

Snap judgment as emergencies arise is the trick that does it. This calls for remarkable coolness under fire, when decisions must be made in a split second; and if you think managers do not get worked up to a lather, you should have seen the venerable Connie Mack the day his Athletics wrenched victory from defeat in the final game of the 1929 series, when they overthrew Pat Malone and the Cubs with a barrage of hits in the last half of the ninth. Mack had been through the World Series mill ever since 1905, yet the shock of this whirlwind finish almost proved fatal. They had to help the old gentleman to his Shibe Park Tower retreat and it was more than an hour before he recovered his composure.

It takes nerve to recommend a strategic move and it takes still more nerve to carry it out. But most managers and players alike are toughened to it. Were they lacking in that rare quality of controlling their nerves they would never reach a World Series.

THE fiery McGraw fought them all. His keen brain fairly snapped in the recesses of the Giant dugout. During the course of a pennant race his rival pilots in the National League were all his mortal enemies. But once the flag race was decided, McGraw's loyalty to his circuit rose above all else. Even with his Giants out of it, he never missed a World Series and never hesitated to give advice when asked.

Watching the Pirates trailing the Senators in the 1925 series, three games to one, McGraw barged into the Pittsburgh dressing room and gave the jaded Corsairs a blazing pep talk. Then he called Manager Bill McKechnie aside and said:

"Listen, Bill. Get that Grantham off first base. You're losing this series right through that bag. Play McInnis and you'll pull this one out yet."

McKechnie, himself one of the shrewdest leaders in baseball, showed he was not above taking advice from one whose judgment he profoundly respected. He benched Grantham for the experienced McInnis, and with the veteran Mack first sacker in the line-up, the Pirate infield immediately settled down to win the next three straight and bag the series.

Perhaps when it was all over McKechnie also felt like taking recourse to Babe Ruth's immortal words: "What a sucker I would have been had I missed!"

But the trick is, they don't think that way beforehand. Once they reach a decision, they go through with it, convinced it will work. That's what really makes them tough to beat.

THE END

"I Surrender

–to a Barbasol Face"

THE old boy with the big bank balance may get quite a play from pretty young girls, but when it comes to serious business, a Barbasol Face marks the type of man that women prefer.

The reason is very simple—so simple, in fact, it's a wonder why any man persists in using old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten, wrinkle and age the skin.

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No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

Weird rumblings, ghostly cannonades haunt our earth. Have you heard them? Here are things science can't explain

BY FRANK CLAY CROSS

Honorary Curator, Colorado Museum of Natural History

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT was a gay night in Moodus, Connecticut—that night of October 27, 1934. The annual ball of the Moodus firemen was in full swing. Merry couples were gliding lightly around the dance floor when suddenly— What was that noise? The dancers hesitated and froze in their tracks. The orchestra faltered a few bars and hushed. From somewhere deep in the earth an ominous rumbling, like the reverberations of a mighty clap of thunder, had shattered the rhythm of the music.

"The Moodus noise!" somebody whispered hoarsely.

For a brief moment the dancers stood paralyzed with bewilderment. Then consternation seized a number of them. They hurried from the floor, crowded toward the exit of the hall. A few less excitable couples laughed nervously and lingered where they were; but it was soon evident, however, that the festive spirit of all the merrymakers had been dissipated. They hastened home, to be met by older folks and children who had been wakened by the thunderous rumbling. Fearful questions were asked. Would there be more of it? Might it be the warning of some catastrophe to come?

These mysterious noises have been heard, at irregular intervals, in the Connecticut Valley and farther east, at Salem and New London, since the region was first settled; but nowhere have they been heard more frequently or more thunderously than at Moodus. Hence they are called the Moodus noises. What causes them? Some investigators believe they are the rumblings of earthquakes so deep under the ground that no movement is registered on the surface, but nobody can be entirely sure about it. They belong among the many ghostly voices that issue from the bowels of the earth, from the atmosphere above, and even from the vast reaches of outer space — voices which scientists cannot adequately explain.

Perhaps you've heard the "Barisal guns" or brontides. I've heard them. One warm summer day, about twenty-five years ago, I was riding horseback through a wide stretch of sagebrush wilderness in southwestern Colorado when my attention was arrested by a peal of distant thunder. Or was it thunder? Not a cloud was visible. Thunder doesn't issue from a clear sky. Was it blasting? On every side of me the sagebrush stretched for miles. There wasn't a sign of human activity in sight. I had heard a brontide—one of those mysterious detonations which are heard, from time to time, in nearly every part of the world. In the delta of the Ganges in India, near the town of Barisal, they sometimes boom like distant cannonading. The "Barisal guns," they are locally called, and the name is often loosely applied to brontides, wherever they occur.

Efforts have been made to trace them, like the Moodus noises, to earthquake rumblings; to associate them with the explosions of meteorites, or with thunder heard at abnormal distances. Sometimes they are heard as single detonations; sometimes in series. Very likely no one explanation can account for all of them.

Somewhat similar are the peculiar popping sounds often heard across the waters of Seneca Lake in New York State. Professor Herman L. Fairfield says they are caused by bubbles of natural gas rising from the bottom of the lake; but the older inhabitants of the region maintain that they are gunfire—the musketry of Colonial minutemen and British redcoats still fighting, in the spirit world.

Why does the wind howl louder in winter than in summer? Scientists are none too sure that they have found the answer. Even more mysterious, however, is the "hail noise." Did you ever hear a hailstorm accompanied by a terrific roar, as if all the demons in purgatory had been turned loose? It is an experience never to be forgotten. I know! I heard it several years ago.

Have you ever found a beach or a dune of musical sand? Just why do some sands emit a sound when they are disturbed, while ordinary sands are silent? Such mystifying noises should always be reported. You can do a real service to science by reporting them.

Have you ever heard the hissing or swishing of the northern lights? Some scientists believe this sound phenomenon is merely an illusion. Yet a number of reliable observers declare that the sound is actually audible. The dispute can only be settled by more testimony. If you can relate any experience which will help to establish the truth about it, do so by all means.

All sounds, so far as science now recognizes, are produced by waves transmitted through the air or through some form of concrete matter. How, then, can one account for the strange experience reported by J. H. Bruer, a farm-implement dealer of Crawford, Nebraska? On the morning of August 8, 1933, Mr. Bruer was uncrating machinery in his store, when he heard a sound which came—so he supposed—from an airplane banking. Who could the flyer be? He started to investigate.

"I wonder who that fellow is," he remarked to a customer who had been talking to him while he worked.

He reached the doorway, looked upward, and his eyes popped with astonishment. "Come quick!" he called. Across the sky a brilliant fireball was flaming. For perhaps a minute after it had vanished, the two men stood in the doorway, looking at its trail of smoke. Another minute passed. Suddenly they were startled by another sound—a heavy rumbling. Again they rushed to the door. This time, however, the sky was empty. Obviously the same meteor had caused both sounds.

How can the interval between them be explained? The second sound, beyond question, had been transmitted normally through the atmosphere at a speed of one thousand feet per second. The first one, however, had evidently traveled almost with the speed of light.

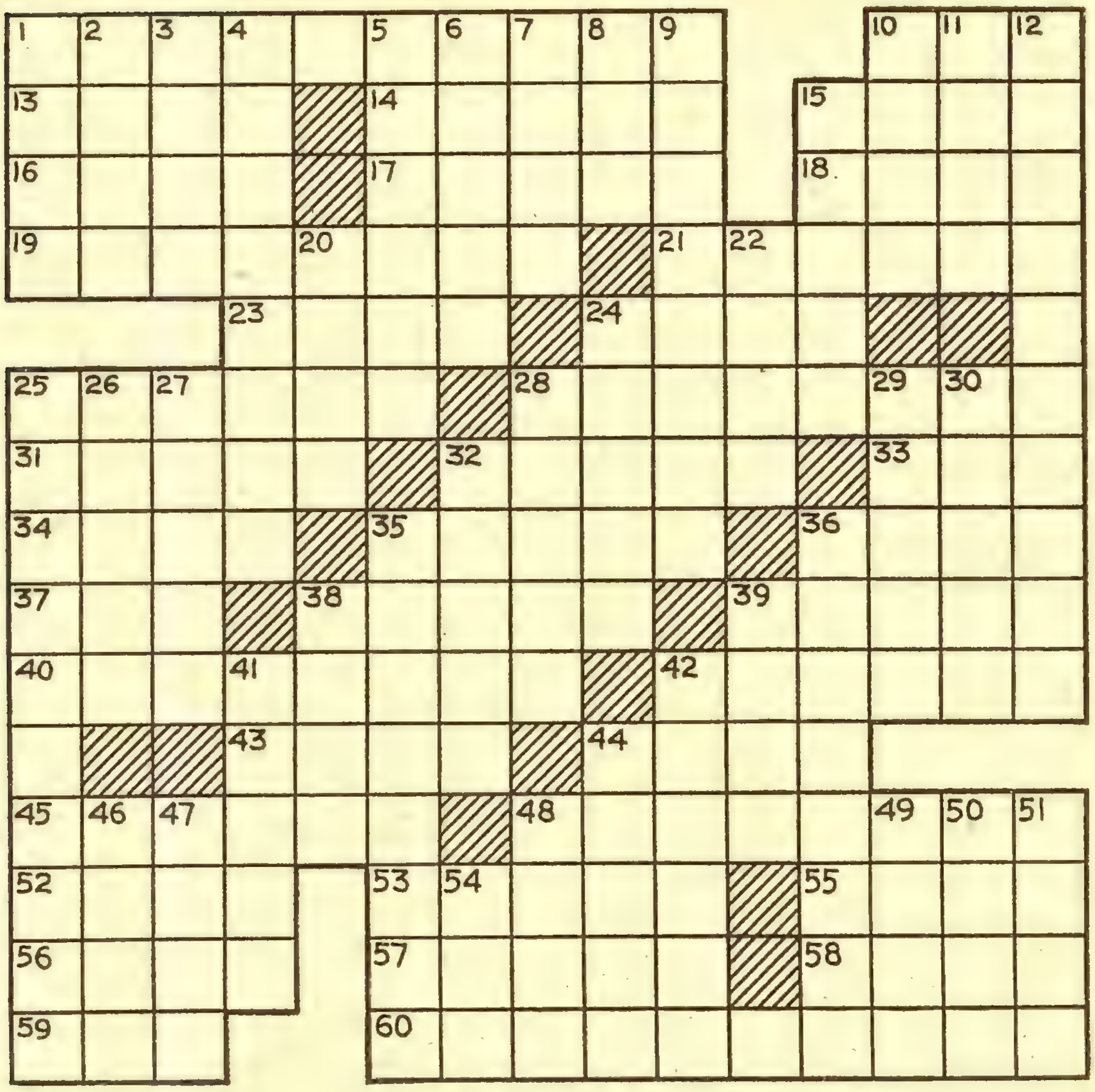
This strange phenomenon, which is attested by many persons who have witnessed the flight of large meteors, is probably the greatest of all the mysteries of sound. Do some sounds actually travel through the ether as others travel through the air? What else—come to think of it—could explain the hissing and swishing of the northern lights, if they are really to be heard?

There are other mysterious sounds in nature which can be heard only with the aid of special instruments. Such sounds may be investigated by the scientist almost at will, for they are more or less continuous; but many of the ghostly voices which may be heard without mechanical aid are absolutely unpredictable. Our knowledge of them must come entirely from ordinary men and women who just happen to be present when they occur.

THE END

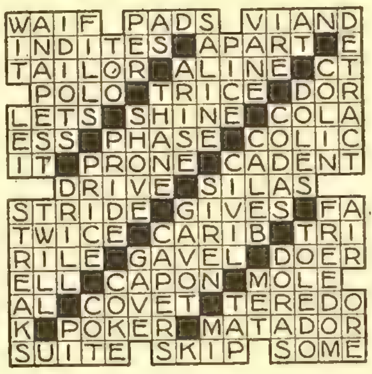
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Whose feet are never seen on desk or table?
10 Over this pass the waters of forgetfulness
13 He has trouble making ends meet
14 It shines with blacking
15 Fish like leather. (Who said so?)
16 Tom Collins' height
17 To hammer things into wood
18 Room where Butch received his education
19 Common disease of the head, caused by I strain
21 A popular eye opener
23 What Methuselah reckoned by
24 We do it and do it but never come out ahead
25 Junk
28 Crank with large fissures in the weak-end
31 Groan
32 Grimm Brothers' stand-by
33 At sea
34 Going down!
35 They lead checkered lives, get pushed around by dictators
36 Fashioned
37 Claire
38 Cowfeterias
39 Rattlers in human forms
40 What polite men behind bars say to the governor (two words)
42 Simple things to bury bridge fiends with
43 The Armenian's burden
44 Kun of Hungary, Communist
45 What Johnny hates to do around September 15
48 Steps on toes with the tongue



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WAIF PADS VIAND
INDITES■APART■E
TAILOR■ALINE■CT
 POLO■TRICE■DOR
LETS■SHINE■COLA
ESS■PHASE■COLIC
IT■PRONE■CADENT
  DRIVE■SILAS
STRIDE■GIVES■FA
TWICE■CARIB■TRI
RILE■GAVEL■DOER
ELL■CAPON■MOLE
AL■COVET■TEREDO
K■POKER■MATADOR
SUITE SKIP SOME
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Answer to last week's puzzle

52 Do a Father Time
53 Corrigan's departure wasn't one; his return was
55 Here's a thought for the weak-end
56 What the Malay tailor stuck in his nonpaying customer's pants (var.)
57 Fiddle maker
58 Alone in France
59 It takes a long time to make this
60 What children return to school with

VERTICAL

1 Shrunk alligators
2 Dialectical emission of lactic significance
3 Stand around and turn over
4 Shirley Temple's allowance
5 The love of an old-time druggist
6 First thing Garbo does to her eyes mornings
7 " Your dame is my dame! "
8 Jitter
9 Wise guys
10 Doggle
11 Ingredient used in making a jam (two words)
12 What collectors, time, and husband hunters are
15 Hit bottom
20 " Couldja let me have a few bucks till Tuesday? "
22 Speedy reading
24 Prisspusses
25 A woof-woof
26 Spain
27 Speaking of teeth
28 Indian cruiser
29 My neighbor's kids sure get a bang out of this
30 Supposedly wiser
32 They are terribly sensitive, yet people always make the most awful faces at them
35 His daughters drove him nuts (Shakespeare)
36 Enigmatic Mama, hung in the Louvre in 1911 for her crooked smile
38 Man minus Gargantua equals this
39 This is terribly shocking and liable to blow your fuses
41 They're knockouts, especially in glasses
42 Dithery
44 Man with a Dark past and future
46 Inventor of the rule of thumb
47 The fall of Rome
48 The ducks are demanding a new one
49 The first garden
50 Eseht no egats eht retne srotca drawkcab
51 The fight in a department-store basement
54 One end of Vermont and both ends of Maine

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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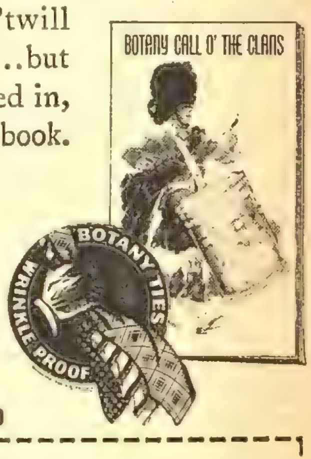

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The Plane Crashed—And I Prayed

LIKE many other boys and girls of the present generation, I was raised in an environment where religion and worship of God was an important part of the daily routine. And, like so many of these boys and girls, I gradually drifted away from my earlier religious habits as I grew older. My mind became obsessed with material things—gambling, liquor, cars, and good times—in other words, I had "wised up." All the tommyrot about going to church and sacrificing and being good wasn't for me—it was for kids and old people. I knew the "score"!

A lucky day at the races had brought me enough money to take a cross-country trip with a couple of friends of mine in their plane.

I had been up in several different airplanes a dozen times before and was thrilled at the prospect of this trip. However, we hadn't been in the air thirty minutes before I was shrouded with a feeling that depressed me considerably. I regretted having come on the trip; all did not seem right. I could not understand what was the matter. The depressed feeling lingered with me. The steadiness of the motors eventually numbed my sense of hearing so that I lost myself in thought, and while in this deep mood I brought home to myself the futility of my actions the past few years.

When we landed that evening in El Paso, I didn't have the desire for the evening's entertainment which was planned. I did go along with my friends, however, to a night club, but did not enjoy it in the least. I seemed to have a premonition of impending danger. My sleep was restless that night, and the next morning the feeling of depression had not left me. I seemed resigned to eventual disaster.

The second day was the same as the first.

The third day out we were delayed a few hours because of rain, but took off about noon. As we were flying along, I suddenly realized that possibly God was trying me out to see if I had reached a point of stubbornness where I was too proud to bend my will to the Almighty. Well, I wasn't too proud. I prayed. I concentrated on the all-powerful will of God; on His infinite mercy. I asked His forgiveness for my past spiritual neglectfulness, and made up my mind then that I would include humble worship and prayer in my future life. *Immediately the feeling of depression seemed to vanish in the sky around me.*

A half hour after my communion with God, as we were flying low to avoid strong winds, the motors—there were two of them on the plane—"cut" and we started falling. The terrain was rough and it looked to me as if the end had come.

I prayed again, from the depths of my heart:

"Dear God, if You bring me safely through this thing I promise to shout Your praise as long as I shall live."

We hit the ground, bounded, and crashed. The plane was a complete "washout," but not a single one of us was hurt.

Witnesses to the crack-up were astounded. A mortician who lived close by the scene of the accident, and who happened to be among the spectators gathered around the wreckage, walked up to me and said, "Son, you are living on borrowed time from now on, and don't you forget it."

I replied reverently, "God willed that we should be unharmed."

If ever I find myself straying from the straight and narrow path, I'll need but to remind myself of His mercy at a time when I wanted, more than anything else, to keep on living.

Is it any wonder that I'm enthusiastic over this opportunity of keeping my prayerful promise to God—to shout His praise as long as I shall live?—*Charles E. Burkhart, Hamilton Field, Calif.*

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT BROOKLYN?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Movies, to add a bit of humor to their plots, mention Brooklyn—which immediately prompts loud guffaws of laughter from the audience.

My problem is: What is so amusing, or should I say extraordinary, about Brooklyn?

We eat, sleep, and live as others do. There is said to be a very queer New Yorkese jargon. Our way of speaking is only as strange to Westerners as theirs is to us.

As for movie stars belittling this native burg of mine—I consider that the limit. Half of them lived their happiest years here before Lady Luck introduced them to fame and fortune. —*D. Anne Fischer*

"AREN'T I"

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Maggie Sangster's Love During Business is a very neat piece of writing as a whole, but there was one line in the July 23 installment that screeches to the ear of my eye like a fingernail scratching a blackboard.

Why must our heroine say, "I'm a fool, *aren't* I?" I was taught in the fourth grade that "you" is the only singular pronoun which takes a plural verb. Whose grammar is screwy—our heroine's or the former teachers' of Consolidated District No. 26, Ingalls, Kansas?

A good honest "ain't" would be all right. It doesn't pretend to be a yard of wool, thirty-six inches wide—but *"aren't I?" Nerts!*

Yours for the prevention of cruelty to the American language.—*Wesley R. Hubert.*

WHEN WEST WAS EAST

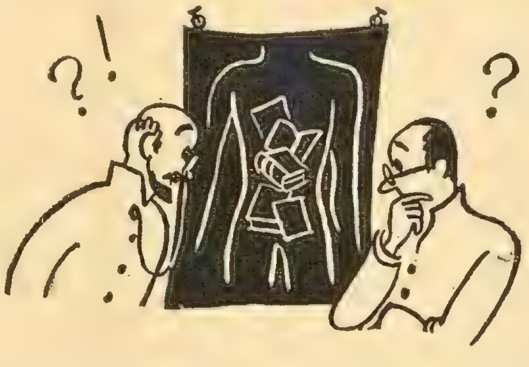
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—Columbus discovered America; Darwin discovered that we descended from monkeys; Teddy Roosevelt discovered in South America a river where the water ran uphill; Burbank discovered that coconuts would grow on tomato plants. But it took a daring young Irishman named Douglas Corrigan to discover the fact that the sun rises in the west.—*Jacques Gregg.*

BILL BENDO ON A LITERARY BENDER

SPOKANE, WASH.—Liberty's practice of indicating the reading time of all articles and stories in minutes and seconds has had a bad effect on my friend Bill Bendo.

You see, Bill had been reading everything in Liberty for years, and he had formed the habit of racing against time in all his reading habits.

Then one day, in wrecking an old house, Bill came upon some real solid stuff. Spencer's First Principles, Darwin's Origin of Species, and Victor Hugo's Les Misérables fell into Bill's hands, and he tackled Spencer first.



He read the book through in nine hours forty-two minutes and eighteen seconds.

Then he started in on Darwin's famous treatise, and he finished that in fourteen hours and nineteen minutes flat.

He got through Les Misérables just under the wire in eleven hours.

Then Bill took sick. The doctors didn't know what was wrong.

They shook their heads and put him under the X ray.

The examination revealed a horrible condition. There was a mass of undigested reading matter inside of Bill, and they had to operate.

He may recover, but he'll never be the same.—*Truthful Terence.*

HIGH (SCHOOL) CLASS DISTINCTION

Galesburg, Ill. — Liberty's articles exposing the "dirt" in different organizations are very interesting, but I have often wondered why some author or young high-school student hasn't written on the unfairness of high-school clubs.

In some high schools much partiality is shown to members in the best clubs. It creates class distinction and I think should be abolished.—*J. C. S.*

BUT GROUND IS SO HARD TO DIGEST

Douglasville, Ga.—If Mr. Roosevelt succeeds in buying himself into office the third term with the taxpayers' money, I will close up my shop, get me a mule and a sack of potatoes, and start feeding myself from the ground—

And thumb my nose at every New Dealer politician that passes my road.—*H. W. Trout.*

HOW MANY MORRO CASTLES?

West Palm Beach, Fla.—I can only give the Twenty Questions Editor 33 per cent on his answer to Question 2 in the July 30 issue; others may not give him that much.

There is a Morro Castle at the entrance to Santiago (Cuba) Harbor, in which Lieutenant Hobson was imprisoned.

There is also another one at the entrance to the harbor of San Juan, Puerto Rico.

There may be yet others.—*J. W. Harwood.*

MNI TNX

Grand Forks, N. D.—Mni tnx fer the nice story, Special Lingo, Sewell Peaslee Wright, in July 30 Liberty. I wonder if U R a ham or a swl.

Wat a pity tt the movies don't use rdo oprs as the heroes in sum of their pictures.

Bet evy ham in the U S A wud go to c tt show. Nm nw hve to practice on ts mill so I can take tt px job in the fall.

U bet we hve a lingo and it is understood whether the opr Swedish, German, or wat hve u?—*Lyle H. Beebe—W9DIW.*

"ARTIFICIALLY HIGH WAGES—PRICES"

Richmond, Va. — Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Artificially High Wages—Prices—Bring Disaster (July 30 Liberty), was very interesting. There are a few questions I would like to ask. 1. If wages were reduced 25 per cent, would the manufacturer reduce prices 25 per cent? 2. If all manufacturers made reduction in wages of 25 per cent, and all prices were reduced 25 per cent, would not the buying power remain the same? If this is true, how could more products be purchased? 3. You said, "High prices scare away buyers." If you cut the buyer's wages 25 per cent, will he be able to buy any more than he can buy today?

It seems to me that Mr. Macfadden did not consider the whole picture.—*L. C. Crump.*

Santa Monica, Calif.—Mr. Macfadden says our dollar is only worth fifty-nine cents. Will he sell me ten dollars' worth for fifty-nine cents on the dollar? It will not be long now till Dr. Townsend's plan will stabilize any high or low dollar.—*Kos-Moore-Hous.*

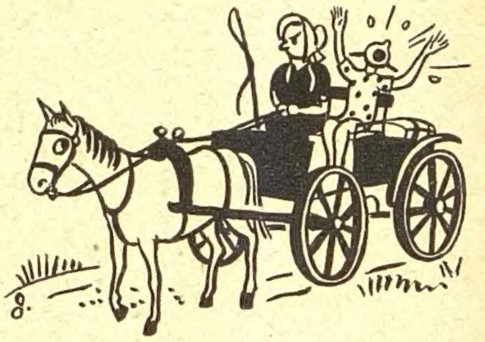
ANOTHER "EARLIEST MEMORY"

Parsons, Kan.—I think the Earliest Memory idea of Edith W. Svèhla (July 16 Vox Pop) should bring out some interesting episodes in the lives of Liberty's millions of readers. Here's mine:

Our family moved from Kansas to Oklahoma in a covered wagon in 1901. I was three years old. I was the baby and there were four "kids" older than I.

I rode with mom in a buggy ahead of the wagon. My sister, about two years older than I, was pop's pet, so she rode on the wagon seat with pop. I remember looking back, and there she sat with the biggest sack of the biggest oranges I ever saw.

I wanted one, and I yelled and squalled for many miles for one measly orange, but never got it.—*Ella (Cap) Mahler.*



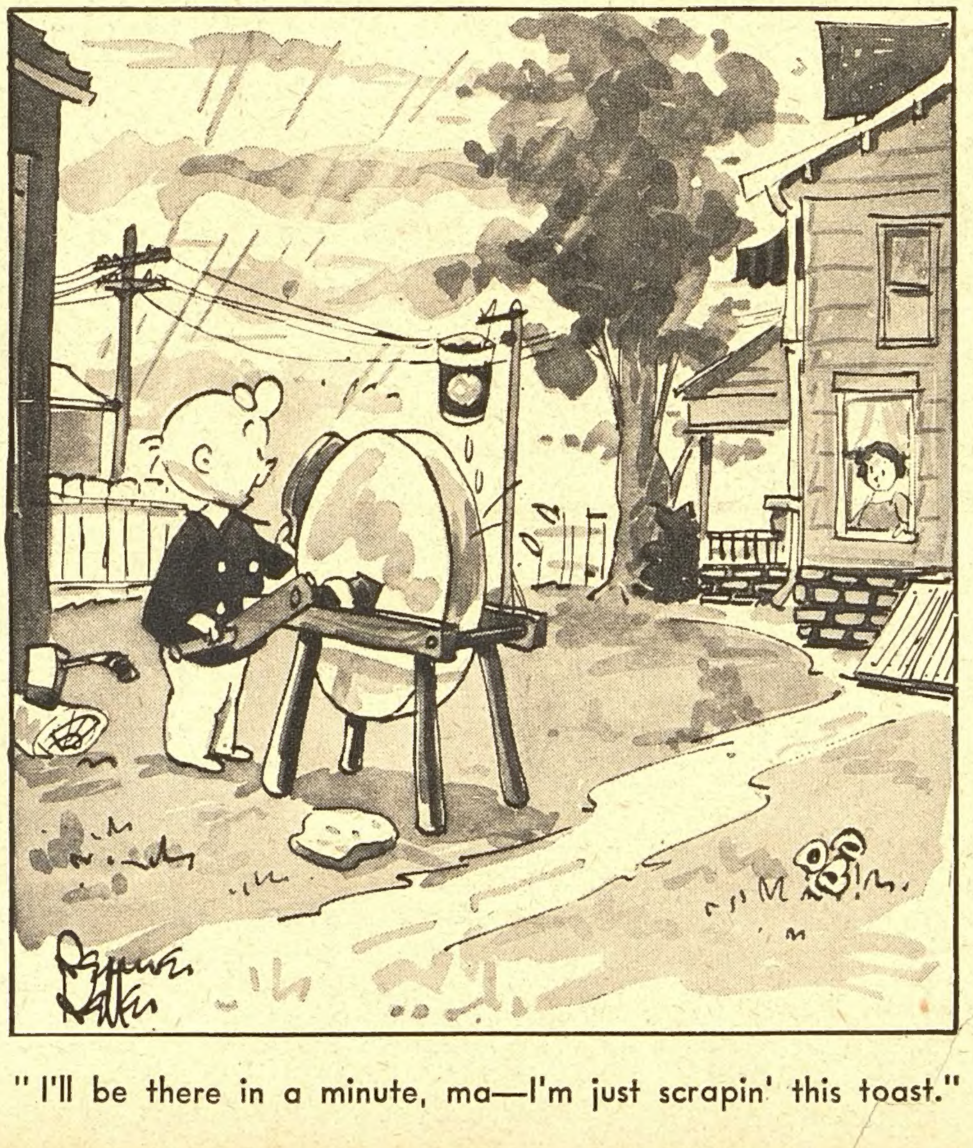
NO INTEREST IN HITLER?

Crosby, Miss. — Princess Catherine Radziwill's Is Hitler in Love with a Jewess? (July 16 Liberty) is another attempt on the part of individuals to idolize the Fuehrer in the minds of our citizens. This particular article refreshes our memory of the old proverb that "there is never smoke without a fire," but we should never overlook the truth in "there is never propaganda without dirt." So why use good space publishing such articles, especially of one in whom we should have no interest?—*C. D. J.*

650,000 FANS CAN'T BE WRONG

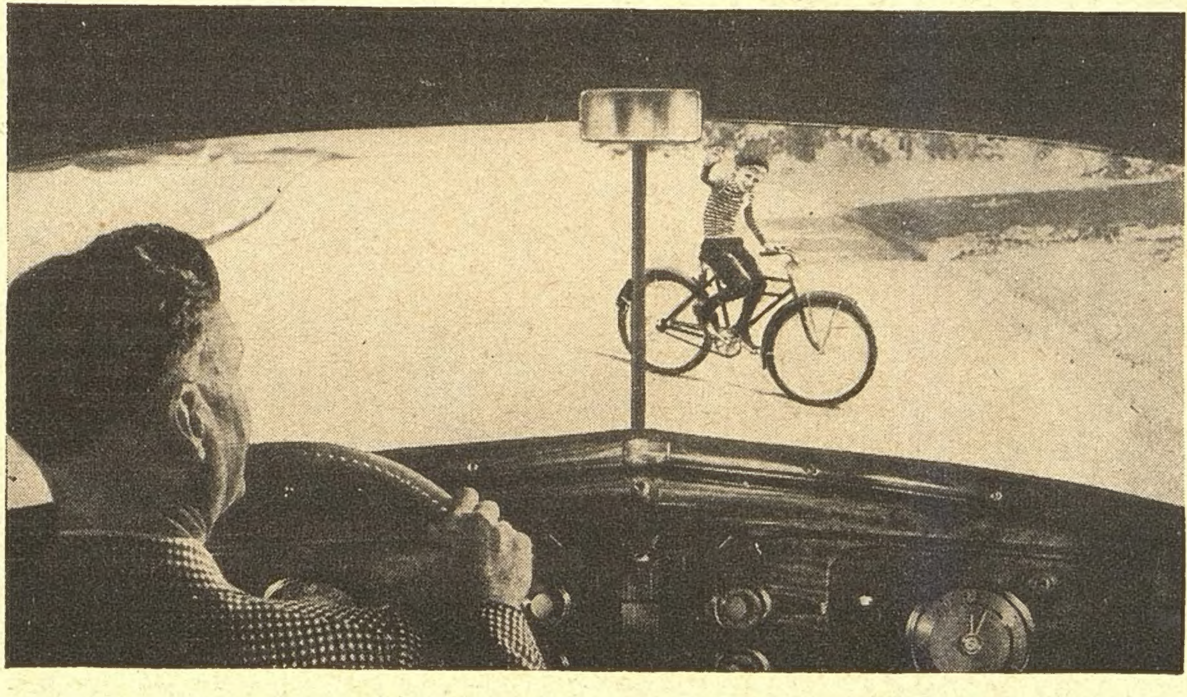
North Hollywood, Calif. — It is probably true that no two persons will ever agree on a horse race or a motion picture. However, in the case of Algiers it appears that your readers and theatergoers have found merit in a picture Liberty's critic missed entirely. Your critic gave Algiers only two and a half stars. Algiers, however, had its engagement at the world's largest theater, Radio City Music Hall, twice extended, and in its three weeks played to more than 350,000 theatergoers, who agreed with New York critics' four stars. In San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, and San Diego another 300,000 agreed that Algiers was far better than you rated it. All these movie fans can't be wrong. — *Milan E. Babcock, Jr.*

"HARDTACK"



"I'll be there in a minute, ma—I'm just scrapin' this toast."

Found—The Lost Short Story of Edgar Allan Poe



NEXT WEEK we shall offer you the most unusual Short Short ever published in a modern American magazine. . . . It is the long-missing tale from the stories of the famous Folio Club by Edgar Allan Poe. . . . For years students of Poe have been able to account for all but one of these stories. . . . Mr. Richard Gimbel, president of the International Poe Society, the Edgar Allan Poe Club of Philadelphia, and the Richard Gimbel Foundation for Literary Research, spent years of effort and thousands of dollars in a search for the lost story. . . . At last he found it. . . . The story had been published during Poe's lifetime in an obscure Philadelphia magazine and appeared without Poe's signature. . . . Next week we shall tell you the history of Mr. Gimbel's long quest for this literary treasure, the evidence by which he identifies it as the work of Edgar Allan Poe, and the story itself. . . . FROM EDGAR ALLAN POE to Dizzy Dean is a long leap—so let's take it. . . . There are, as we get a little cross at ourselves for occasionally forgetting, two sides to everything. . . . The Chinese call it *Yin* and *Yang*. . . . This week we call it the other end of the Dizzy Dean controversy. . . . Dizzy told you, in three recent issues of Liberty, that he was not really a pop-off; his managers made him act like that. . . . Now comes Harry T. Brundidge, ace reporter of the St. Louis Star-Times, with a red-hot answer. . . . "Nothing of the kind," cries Brundidge. . . . "Just listen to me!" . . . You can listen to all he has to say in Liberty next week—and it is a great deal! . . . ANOTHER GREAT feature is the new novel, Lose the Woman! by Whitman Chambers. . . . You remember his Murder Lady. . . . Well, all we have to tell you is that Lose the Woman is twice as exciting. . . . There are many other great features that will make next week's Liberty one of the most outstanding of the year. . . . The Incorrigible Corrigan is a portrait parle by Bernarr Macfadden of the young man who proved that East and West can meet, in spite of Rudyard Kipling. . . . Why Akron is a Ghost City is a startling revelation by former Mayor Sparks of the strike-ruined rubber city. . . . Walter Brooks is back with another hilarious short story and there are two other stories by Hamlen Hunt and Sidney Lenz. . . . FROM ALL over the country comes good, exciting news of interest to boys and girls who want to ride bicycles in safety. . . . New York is making ready to lay down miles and miles of protected lanes along the main highways just for the use of cyclists. . . . We are told that the annual production of bicycles in the United States for this year will exceed a million and a half. . . . Cycling is not a fad or craze. . . . It is one of the most healthful and enjoyable of sports. . . . The only great obstacle in its way is the danger from automobiles. . . . And there is every indication that this problem is being taken up seriously in many important quarters. . . . Word comes of a magnificent effort made in the very capital and heart of the motor industry, Detroit. . . . The program there started with the idea that since "kids will be kids" the major responsibility must be assumed by motorists. . . . Aside from constant watchfulness, the most important matter is that *brakes must be in the best possible condition at all times*. . . . Hence the double slogan: "Watch for kids on bicycles" and "Make sure *your* brakes are safe!" . . . A whole city suddenly became anxious to have brakes tested. . . . The poster reproduced on this page helped to bring it about. . . . The plan was a real success. . . . If your town is interested, drop us a line and we will put you in touch with the people who put on this splendid civic campaign.

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
The Poor Old Republican Party! . . . . Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES
A Sock in Time . . . . Edgar Franklin 9
Traveler's Rest . . . . Hamlen Hunt 18

SERIALS
Thunder Over Kansas City—Part I . . . . Fred Allhoff 4
Why I Am Still Investigating the Lindbergh Case—Conclusion Evalyn Walsh McLean with Alan Hynd 23
The Man in My Life—Part V . . . . Oscar Schisgall 30
Paradise Kate—Part VIII Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot 38

ARTICLES
I Bombed Women and Children . . . . George E. Sprague 14
The Stroud Twins and Their Past . . . . Frederick L. Collins 16
How Society Boys Work Their Way through College James Matthews 29
An American in Search of a Party . . . . Carl Crow 45
What Makes 'Em Tough in a World Series. . . . John Drebinger 51
What Was That Noise? . . . . Frank Clay Cross 54

FEATURES
Twenty Questions, 28; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 37; $500 Cash Prize Reader Poll Contest, 48; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 49; Crossword Puzzle, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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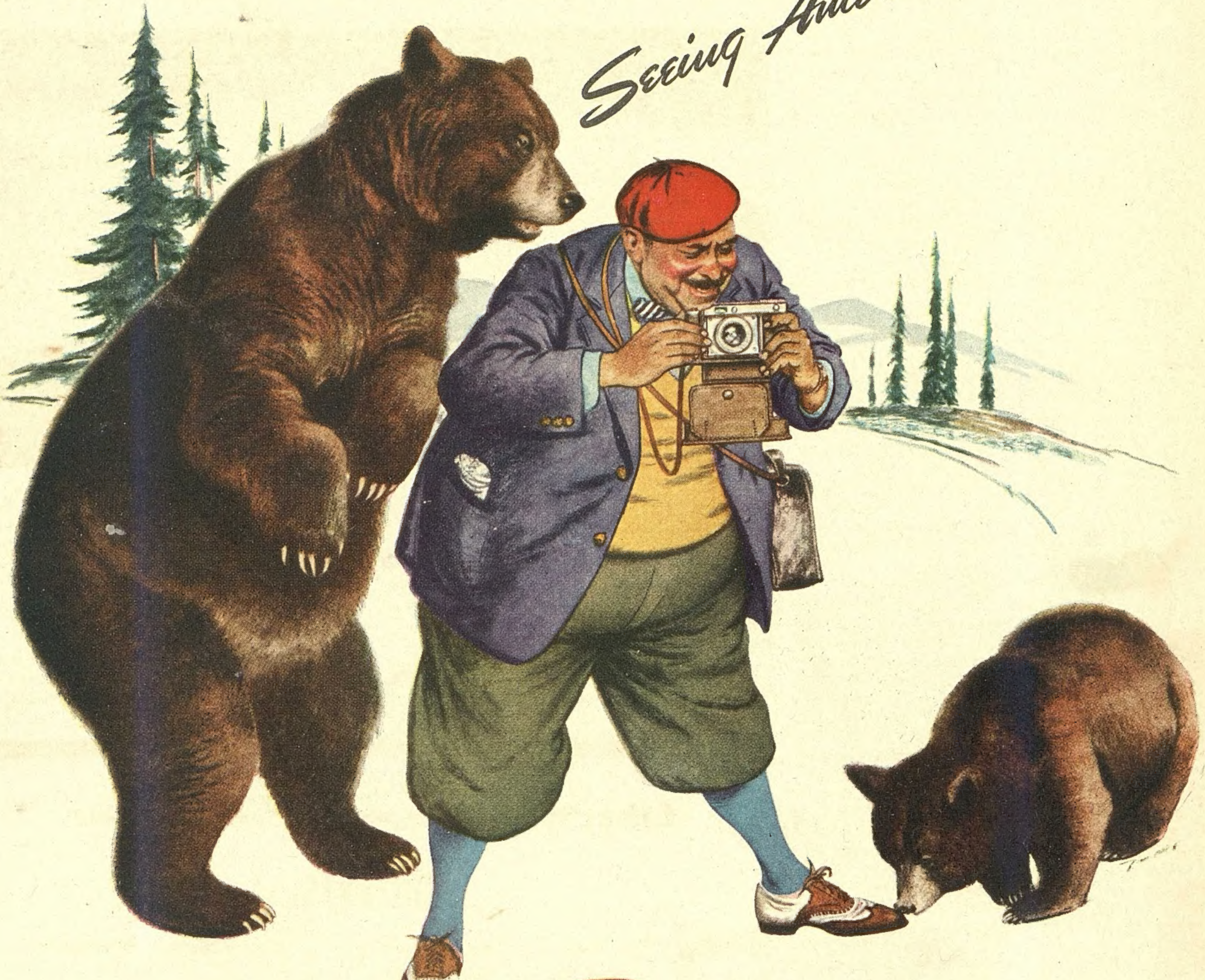
Seeing America First?



TOURIST: *"Boy, oh boy! What a shot! This calls for Doubling My Enjoyment with a Ten High or two. Guess I know a good shot when I see one!"*

BEAR: *"Ungh!"*

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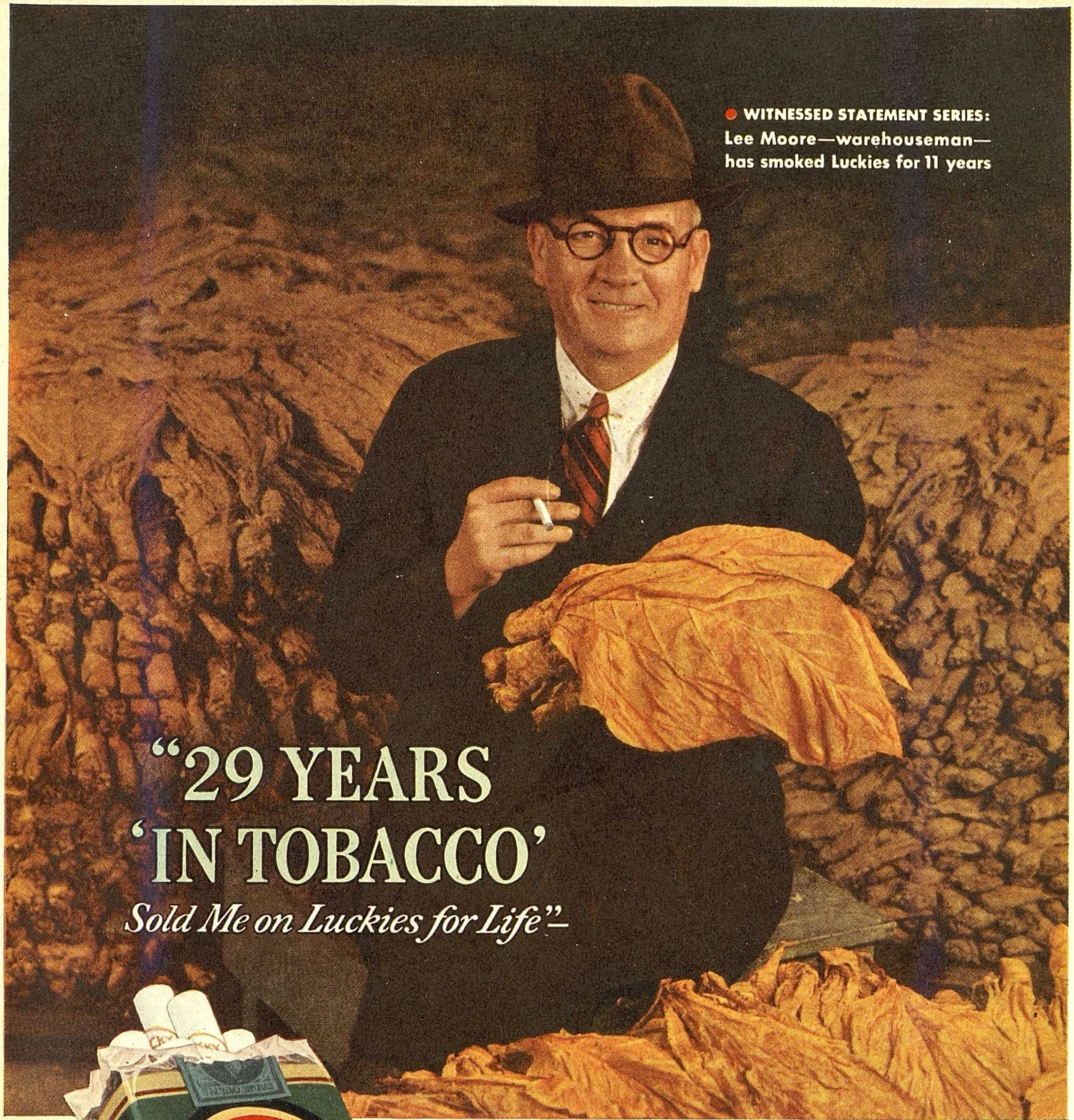
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